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Things in General.

N this city two candidates are in the field who really hope to be Mayor. What the third one hopes for it is hard to guess. Like the little boy who watches a circus from the outside, he is probably having a good time in his mind, an inexpensive pleasure with which no one feels like interfering. Just why each of the other two hopes to be Mayor is worth enquiring into, for perhaps ninety per cent. of the electors are wondering why either one of them was ever thought of, or even had the assurance to think of was ever thought of, or even had the assurance to think of himself in connection with an office for which they are both so eminently unfit, and for which they are contending like a couple of schoolboys. Mr. Howland is probably a good lawyer, but it can be safely said that at the time he entered public life there was no question as to whether he could spare the time from his clients; and when he became Mayor even the City Council, small and partizan as are the ma-jority of its members, would probably have thought of a hundred other lawyers before handing over an important city brief to the man to whom the people entrusted a much city brief to the man to whom the people entrusted a much more important function. Though a man of brains, yet in no sense could he be said to be a successful business man; even as a member of the Legislative Assembly he was probably as tiresome and useless as the greatest hayseed from the back townships. Like his opponent, he obtained his status as a public man by successfully contesting a constituency in the Conservative interest. Since then his belief in himself has been unfaltering, and the pertinacity with which he has kept himself before the nominating conventions of his party would have been admirable if it had not been so tiresome. His opinion of his statesmanship places him on a high pedestal, which it gives him acute pain to him on a high pedestal, which it gives him acute pain to see is not generally recognized. His shrill and shrewish retorts when the newspapers tease him lack both dignity and that sense of genuine worth which can suffer long and be kind. As a matter of fact, he has not been badly treated by the newspapers, though his passionate denunciation of the "unscrupulous, lying, villainous press gang" would lead the public to think that he had been the victim of unspeakthe public to think that he had been the victim of unspeak-able persecutions. Probably the newspapers have found him too funny to be left alone, but really the worst that has been done to him was to give the public an opportunity to share in the laugh enjoyed by those who have seen him put-ting on frills. His vanity and tendency to scream when any-one points a langer at him have made him almost the only enemies who are troubling themselves to bring about his defeat. It is said that the schoolkeachers the policemen, the defeat. It is said that the schoolteachers, the policemen, the firemen, and those who have come in contact with him officially during his year of office—possibly excepting a majority of the aldermen, who, of course, do not want a repetition of the experience of 1900—are as a rule opposed to his re-election, and it may be safely asserted that he has endeared himself to very few people with whom he has had civic relations. This may be an argument in his favor or it may not, for a man, while doing his duty, often makes enemies, but as no economy was effected it does not suggest as charming a disposition as his lady!ike manners would indicate. Since the campaign has opened he has apparently endeavored to prove to those who have gone to hear him that he can call hard names with the toughest of his com-petitors, and, as a contemporary has pointed out, he is busy

petitors, and, as a contemporary has pointed out, he is busy trying to prove that he is less of a gentleman than he is, while his opponent is endeavoring to establish himself as a more gentlemanly person than he had ever been thought. Excepting the disheartening compromises with the corporations in which the Council has concurred, but little has been accomplished during the past year deserving of either praise or blame. During the Royal visit the Mayor looked and acted his part to the entire satisfaction of the citizens, but that part was a very small one, occupying but a few minutes of a wet afternoon, and had nothing to do with the taxes except to increase them. The electors have every reason to be obliged to the Mayor for trying to make every reason to be obliged to the Mayor for trying to make his influence felt socially rather than in business matters Probably we shall not have for many years a man who will look so nice as the present chief executive, or one who will deserve more credit for not getting the city into trouble. I am free to confess that he has made a better Mayor than 1 expected, but then really I expected so little that his failure to live up to it would have been almost impossible. Neverexpected, but then really I expected so little that his failure to live up to it would have been almost impossible. Nevertheless, at the end of twelve months, the period of peace at the City Hall seems to have been so pleasant after the turmoil of the previous year, and the presence in the Mayor's chair of a gentleman honest and personally above reproach, so refreshing, that I feel no unhappiness in looking forward to a second term of Mayor Howland, even reproach, so retreshing, that I feel no unhappiness in looking forward to a second term of Mayor Howland, even though his inflamed opinion of himself may make it impossible for common people, particularly the "unscrupulous, lying, villainous press gang," whoever they may be, to bask

in the light of his countenance.

Mary

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R. W. F. MACLEAN, M.P., ordinarily known as "Billy," has told us why he hopes to be Mayor, and this has set the whole town this has set the whole town guessing as to what his real reasons are, for when he gives us a personal reason it somehow has the effect of making us all feel that no matter what is true, that at least isn't it. The easiest reason to assign for him wanting to be Mayor is that there has never been anything worth having that he hasn't wanted and tried to get. Just why he thinks he would make a good Mayor is perhaps less important than any other feature of the sub-ject, for it is more than possible that he does not even think that he can properly fill the place. To him it is immaterial; the only question is how to get it. He is a good newspaper man; I know of none better, for almost instinctively he knows or guesses what is going on, and has not the slightest hesitation in conveying it to the public, no matter how sore may make even his best friends. He is well equipped mentally, has an opinion on everything, and lives principle that a newspaper man has no right to know anything without telling it to those who buy his paper—except, of course, it should pay him better to keep it to himself. As a financier he is probably one of the best known if not the most admired, in the city, and yet might have the greatest difficulty in getting a job as either a bookkeeper or a bank manager. Just why he thinks he should be given the important position of looking after a business second only in importance to that of the province itself, it is hard to conceive, except that it has been managed on previous occasions by men who could hardly borrow a meal ticket without an endorser. Though he has been a great success as the representative of East York in the House of Com-mons, yet he has never shown any administrative ability such as is needed for the proper conduct of Toronto's affairs. He has a winning smile, and even after he carves lose who are careless enough to get in his way, he has the faculty of extending the glad hand and forgiving the other fellow for getting hurt. I admire this sort of thing immensely, but it is not sufficient qualification for the mayor

He tells us that he wants to "do something," and at first the machinery that is already in existence seemed to him sufficient for the accomplishment of wonders if properly handled. On nomination day he took time to explain that it elected Mayor he would change all the provincial and Dominion mechanism not adapted to his purpose, would na-tionalize the telegraph and telephone lines, take over the street railway franchise—an absolute impossibility for twenty years to come—reduce the fare to two cents, muni-

cipalize the water powers, gas and electric light companies, and make this city of Toronto the sweetest little old town to live in that you could pass in a thousand miles of pike. Furthermore, if clothed in authority as Mayor he would singly and unaided invade the Parliament Buildings up in the Park, seize Premier Ross by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the pants and shake him till Toronto got nine members of the Legislature instead of four. With these nine members he would terrorize the other eighty or ninety and Toronto would get everything it wanted, including all the authority possessed by the Attorney-General to make the corporations "sit up." In fact, "Billy" pictures himself in much the same municipal light that Sam Hughes, M.P., does when he writes a letter showing how he could lick seventeen kinds of tar out of the Boers in an afternoon. "Bill Adams" Maclean—everybody knows Bill Adams—is ready to whop all the corporations, the Dominion Government the Provincial Logical treatment. minion Government, the Provincial Legislature, the twenty-tour aldermen, and the town itself, for the same salary which has hitherto been paid to men who could do nothing but talk and paint pretty pictures before election day. The Member for East York does not propose to resign his seat in the House of Commons while he is attending to this summer task, nor does he want a second term, for he feels sure that he will have the whole thing cleaned up and be sitting around with his coat on long before the end of the year. He cheerfully compares himself to "Joe" Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery, and has advertised himself as a "man to cheer for," which, read in connection with an article published in the "World," indicates that he has very definite intentions of assuming the leadership of the Con-

of the latter, asking if it is necessary for "a candidate to be a man of refinement and education? Do the trustees have anything to do with the education of our children?" A circular addressed to the electors by a candidate was enclosed, stating that the taxes of the School Board could be reduced without impairing the efficiency of the schools "if went about in the right way." Throughout, the circular shows about in the right way." Throughout, the circular shows poor English, though a certain amount of good hard sense, which makes pertinent the query whether it is necessary for a trustee to be a man of culture. It is a hard question to answer, for a man of culture may make a very poor school trustee, while a man of good hard sense may be exceedingly valuable on the School Board. Of course it is much preferable to have a combination of these qualities, but as it is difficult to find a good all county may for an officer but as it is difficult to find a good all-round man for an office requiring such varied qualifications, it is better to select a man on account of his good sense than for his abstract scholastic attainments. The inspectors and teachers are the ones who should look after the carrying out of the School Board's policy, and it seems to me should alone come in contact with the children in educational matters. If the habit the trustees have acquired of interfering in the direct management of the schools is persisted in, then a thigh-standard of education should be demanded of the trus-tees as well as the teachers. We can hardly hope for our trustees to invent any new system, but they should be at least required to abstain from interference with whatever

method is approved.

The ideal school board would be composed of educated article published in the "World," indicates that he has very definite intentions of assuming the leadership of the Conservative party at Ottawa and of incidentally taking charge and thoughtful men of business ability, but until such material is obtainable we shall have to be satisfied with men who have obtained much of their education in the

settle all points of difference between Great Britain and the United States, and as this Alaska boundary business is the only remaining source of friction at present, it is likely to be taken up. The suggestion that negotiations between to be taken up. The suggestion that negotiations between Washington and Downing Street are likely to precede the assembling of the Joint Commission in the near future, sounds suspicious, but we must remember that we have to pay something for our colonial position, and so grin and bear what we cannot avoid.

bear what we cannot avoid.

THE re-election of Mr. Alexander Gibson, jr., the Liberal candidate in York, N.B., by a majority of nearly 900 practically settles that county as a preserve of the Gibson family, where it is all-powerful socially and financially. Yet the defeat of Rev. Joseph McLeod, an esteemed Conservative and prohibitionist, by nearly 800 votes more than he lacked at the general elections, puts both him and his backers out of business. The candidates pledged one another to spend no money and to have an absolutely pure election, and it is not claimed that this compact was violated. The result, therefore, shows that neither the Conservative party nor prohibition is being taken seriously in the constituency where Hon. George E. Foster was elected by a 1,500 majority in 1896, and the prohibitionists were supposed to be exceedingly strong. prohibitionists were supposed to be exceedingly strong. Both the Conservative and the cold water parties seem to have disintegrated in York, N.B., as in many other localities. It is evidently safe nowadays to refrain from prophesyings, for what had a great hold on the crowd not long ago is likely to turn out as empty to-day as a joke in last N evening paper noted for its dislike of the Postmaster-

General asserts that on or about Christmas day many letter-carriers each paid expressmen from \$2.50 to \$3.50 to take loads of parcels to delivery districts. This was in addition to working all one night, and the money came out of their own pockets without any prospect of repayment. This tale of woe may be true, but it sounds fishy, for while our postmen are first-class men, I do not think that they even pose as philanthropists or are prepared to get down in their own dip to facilitate the country's business. If, however, the statement is true it reflects no credit on the Postoffice Department. Even if the men hoped to be recouped by Christmas boxes given to them by those they serve, the scandal is not lessened, for the giving of money to postmen on Christmas is only a feature of the tip system which is not averaged. which is not much better than a reducing of the delivery staff to mendicancy. If these stories are true it is up to the "Evening News" to establish the extent of their truth. If they are false, the public should know the facts.

IR WILLIAM McDONALD has donated \$125,000 for a school of instruction in the elements of plant life in connection with the second a school of instruction in the elements of plant life in connection with the College of Agriculture, and for the teaching of domestic science to women as applicable to agricultural pursuits. It will be remembered that the late Mr. Massey made a generous donation for a library in connection with the same college, and I am delighted to think that this important institution to which I referred a few weeks ago as having been neglected by the newspapers. few weeks ago as having been neglected by the newspapers, is liable to make such advancement as a place of popular education. The splendid donations which it has received, the hundreds of students who crowd its lecture-rooms, and its high reputation abroad, have now brought it to the point where the Province of Ontario can easily make it the greatest agricultural college in the world. Why not? What greater advertisement could Canada have as an agricultural country than the presence in its chief province of the greatest institution the world has ever known for the teaching theoretically, experimentally and practically of all those delightful branches of study relating to the plant and animal life connected with the farm? few weeks ago as having been neglected by the newspapers and animal life connected with the farm?

T a banquet in Port Arthur the other night, the driving of the last spike in the Rainy River Railway was celebrated as only the people of New Ontario know how to boom that which is liable to do them good. Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann both spoke with pardonable optimism of the future of the Canadian Northern Railway, 1,300 miles of which is now in operation, making it in coint of miles of which is now in operation, making it in point of mileage the third railroad in Canada. Mr. Mann, in concluding his remarks amidst the cheers of the lusty gentlecluding his remarks amidst the cheers of the lusty gentlemen of New Ontario, said he hoped within seven years they
would celebrate the driving of the last spike in the second
transcontinental railway of Canada. The time limit is short
and the project great, yet so great has been the progress
of the new road that we may all feel certain that Mr. Mann's
prediction will be verified.

It would be too much to expect the present good times
to continue uncheked. Even Hop Sydney Fisher Mis-

to continue unchecked. Even Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion Government, is looking forward to a period of stringency, but the period of instructing an immense railway within our borders may do much to lighten the burden which is liable to settle down on the West should the crops fail. The one thing that we must guard against while so joyously pushing on towards great things, is the spending of too much public money in privately owned enterprises. That nation cannot be great which builds and enters not in, and the only taste of bitter-ness that can be left in the mouths of those who read of banquets like the one in Port Arthur, is caused by the fear that every link of iron laid on the roadbed of a private corporation may some day turn into a fetter binding the wrists and ankles of the people who should be served by,

ERO-WORSHIP could not be carried much further than it has been by some of Lord Roseband. than it has been by some of Lord Rosebery's admirers in England. His Lordship, as I have before pointed out, may be the divinely appointed saviour of the Empire, but if so he displays a peculiar inaptitude for giving practical form to his visions or for carrying his plans beyond the speech-making stage. Lord Rosebery is always about to something marvelous, about to declare some new policy hat shall rally Britons to his standard, about to make some startling pronouncement on the situation. The whole Empire is represented as waiting with bated breath for the nysterious platform of which so many dark hints have been But Lord Rosebery speaks, and though everyone feels the spell of his grace and diction, the public-is doomed to one flat disappointment after another. The thrill that had been anticipated is not experienced. The heaven-born policy will be produced on some later occa-We are once more assured that there is some weighty and sufficient reason why his lordship should not speak out just yet. He will do so in good time.

It strikes me that there is some danger of this sort of thing becoming played out. If Lord Rosebery is going to do anything startlingly great in the political field, it is about time for him to get his gloves off. The years are dipping by, and he is getting no younger. It may be argely the fault of the dense-brained public that he has missed fire so often and so deplorably. But surely a por-tion of the blame is his. And keeping this fact in mined-is it not a trifle disgusting to hear so much grovelling laudation as some of his lordship's more emotional followers indulge in? One clergyman in his Christmas sermon hailed the former Premier as "the political Messiah who is to save Britain from her troubles and perplexities;" while a Lord Pauncefote hopes before he leaves Washington to



"STEPPING STONES."

Amateur photograph by F. H. Matthews, Toronto.

of the job now encumbered by Mr. Whitney in provincial school of experience. Experience, however, should have of the 10b now encumbered by Mr. Whitney in provincial affairs. This is a big stunt, and these announcements would make the ordinary person look supremely ridiculous. Not so in Mr. Maclean's case; the joke is too colossal, and no one supposes that "Billy" takes himself seriously. This is exactly where the joke comes in, for I believe his ambition includes everything he has specified, and more.

Somehow he has succeeded in becoming a law unto himself sand appeals to learn to first him what they would stand

self, and people tolerate from him what they would stand from nobody else. While joyously operating on ex-Mayor Clarke for enlarged official appetite when that able gentle man desired to be Mayor and Member of Parliament at th same time, Dr. Maclean explained how absolutely impos-sible it was to attend to both jobs simultaneously, and though the patient lived with one office cut off, thinks he car stand the bifurcated cancer without even the poultice of an explanation. I thoroughly believe in the greatness of Mr. Maclean's meteoric career, but I must say that as a taxpayer I do not want much of it to be through my premises. I am willing to compromise on cheering for him, as he says he is a proper person to be cheered for, but I hope he will excuse me for declining to have him fix my rate of taxes. I am quite sure he believes in public ownership of public franchises, and I am equally sure that if he were to express his candid opinion he would admit that he is the public. I like Maclean, for he is a good newspaper man and a good neighbor, but he reminds me of Mark Twain's story of when he lived next door to an overzealous deacon. "He is a nice man," said Twain, good man, a public-spirited man, man, but somehow I always piled against the fence furthest away f my wood against the fence furthest away from his yard." Mr. Maclean makes too many promises, much after the style of the candidate he supported before he adopted Mr. Howland, from whom he has since divorced and his performances will only bring disaster on a city which has already been experimented with until it all over financial sore spots. As I remarked in the paragraph referring to the re-election of the present Mayor, we should be satisfied with a year's peace, even if we do not make much progress. I am afraid Mr. Maclean does not spell peace in the same way that the taxpayers would like to have it, and while Mr. Howland may sometimes be ridiculous, I am afraid Mr. Maclean would be always dangerous. I hate to see him fail to get anything he wants, and I have great expectations that he will have a brilliant career, so I know he will pardon me for reluctantly ex-pressing the hope that he will be kind enough to keep his official orbit as much as possible outside the city limits.

ANDIDATES for the School Board are probably being more closely scrutinized this year than heretofore, owing to the fact that it has been established that the trustees are not subordinate to the City Council. They are appealing to the electorate not only from the platform, but by circulars, and a prominent business man has sent me one

taught the author of the circular in question the prudence of getting an educated man to revise his election address: and judging without any personal knowledge of the man referred to, I should think he belongs to the type of the poorly educated who as school trustee would be unlikely to rely on the inspectors and teachers for guidance in matters of which he knows little. While the educated man with fads should be avoided, the uneducated theorist must be considered doubly dangerous. It is unfortunate that the electors have no opportunity of choosing the School Board as a whole, for then they might select some men because of their knowledge of buildings, others because of ability as financiers, others because they are strong-minded, and still others because they have advanced and thorough-going conceptions of what a good common school ought to be. As at present elected, in wards, no builder of repute may be included, no financier may be looked for, no one with a knowledge of educational systems may have a place, and none of them may be strong-minded enough to be relied upon to dismiss incompetent teachers, while the great majority of them may be any one of these things, and the ol Board in consequence suffer because of the lack variety of accomplishments. It seems to me that the Board should be elected as a whole and thus saved from local and neighborly influences which result in the choice of unfit persons and a badly rounded-off body of men gen erally to look after a department having to do with some of the most delicate and yet important features of civic

SKAGWAY man has sent to the authorities at Washington a "plan for the amicable arrangement of the Alaska boundary dispute." which is thoroughly characteristic of the nation to which he belongs. He calmly proposes to "fobble" all the territory west of the Macken ie River and the hundred and thirtieth meridian, thus tak ing away from Canada any deep water port north of Port land Canal, and including as United States territory every thing above that waterway, to the Arctic Ocean. This may Miller believes that Canada would be quite willing to but his plan apparently suggests that the United States should expropriate everything the Dominion holds to be valuable in that part of the world, and pay for it at about the price per acre that they paid Russia for Alaska a gen eration ago, before gold was discovered up there. nerve shown in making the suggestion has only been equalled by the approval with which the plan is regarded by many of the United States newspapers who see in this ready and reasonable" way out of any further argument Of course none of them seem to think for a moment that no part of Canada is for sale, yet it is probably true that there are over five million Canadians who would fight till Gehenna freezes as solid as Dawson in midwinter before would ever listen to any such proposition.

writer of note on military and political problems admits having sent a copy of his book to a certain eminent states man (Lord Rosebery) with this inscription on the fly-leaf:
"Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" The attitude can scarcely be described as self-respecting, and the implied comparison is certainly in poor

. It is possible to exaggerate the part played by great mer in the history of nations. No individual can step in and by superhuman means save a people from the penalty of its political and commercial folly. If Great Britain is blindly trusting to the times to produce a leader with an infallible nostrum for ills which the average intelligence of her people is not equal to cope with, she will be disappointed as the Jews who expected a miraculous deliverer from the Roman yoke were disappointed. Statesmen, particularly in self-governing nations, can only mold the material they find ready to hand in the intelligence, reason and opinion of those who give them their power. In the long run no nation can be "saved" except in and through its own strength and willingness to save itself. This is a point we are apt to forget, expecting public men to perform miracles and to "show the way," while we are yet determined not to

N this connection, the extravagant promises that are made every year by candidates for municipal office, and of which we now have the usual supply, are often impractical to the verge of absurdity. After all, the functions of a Mayor and Council are circumscribed within pretty narrow limits, and it is as useless for the electorate to ex pect, as it is for those seeking election to promise, the per formance of remarkable feats outside these limits, as de-fined by law. We are perhaps prone to expect too much o those we have assigned to specified functions. If we were less ready to gulp down the sugar-coated pledges of political quacks, there would be fewer of these gentry trading on the credulity of those who wait, open-mouthed, ready to be "had." If the people are first fooled by skyrocket pro-mises and next by bland excuses, it is their own fault. They have had the same experience so often in the past that they cannot plead ignorance. The Mayor and Council can do certain things and other things they cannot do. If we insisted upon their confining their attention to the former and doing those things with thoroughness and despatch they would have less time and less temptation to exploit projects that are not likely to be carried through, and that only becloud the real issues. The progress and growth of Toronto depend, to say the least, quite as much on the thrift and enterprise of the individual citizen as on anything the aldermen can do or leave undone. This would not justify us in electing any old thing to look after our business at the City Hall. But it is well to remember that industrial communities do not thrive by grace of mayors or aldermen so much as by the progressive spirit of the citi-zens in their purely individual concerns.

GOOD example of the vicious and partial reasoning that is doing much to stir up a dangerous social discontent is afforded in the reported words of Professor Lybarger, who addressed a Single Tax meeting in the Pavilion last Sunday. "Poverty." Professor Lybarger is reported to have said, "can owe its existence only to the fact that those who produce wealth do not get it." Now, a great deal of the poverty with which mankind is afflicted is unquestionably due to the unequal and inequitable distribution of the iruits of industry. But has Professor Lybarger rot seen poverty that was due to other things—to indolence, vice, infirmity, improvidence, or some other of a score of different causes that might be assigned? It is incumben upon a man of scientific training, who undertakes to speak scientifically of a problem, to state it fully and to present all the facts. Professor Lybarger's definition of poverty is clearly at fault, because it takes no account of a great many facts which no one can have failed to observe. It is a partial and partizan, not a scientific, definition. It states a part of the truth but not the whole truth. And it is apt to have an evil effect on untrained minds. There is no falsehood so dangerous as the half truth, and the scholar who discusses social questions, where passion is so easily inflamed, should be the last man to tamper with partia

**MOSE who speak so airily of prohibition might find it to their advantage to cut out the following figures and paste them in their hats: During the twelve months of 1900 and 1901 ending May last, the total receipts col-lected on account of licenses and fines, including the sum imposed by municipal by-laws, amounted to \$629.238. Ollast year's receipts, \$250.482 went to municipalities; \$304.676 to the province; \$63,762 for inspectors' salaries and commissioners' expenses, and \$10,317 for sundries. Of the receipts, \$14,705 were fines. Thus it will be seen that as the expense of enforcing prohibition will probably be greater than watching the license-holders, there will be lost in revenue, omitting the fines, which will probably be as nu erous as ever, nearly \$620,000—this is a big sum to take away from the income of the province and the municipali As last year 3.489 licenses were granted, that numbe of houses, many of them now bringing high rent, but under prohibition valueless for anything but boarding-houses or small shops, would be put out of business, and to say the very least, five thousand men would become idle, not counting the employees of distilleries and breweries, if we pre-sume that the bartenders and proprietors would obey the

sume that the bartenders and proposed have and cease selling liquor.

Last year 2,522 committals were made for drunkenness.

York County furnishing 1.022 of them, while Bruce, Prescott and Russell, and Dufferin had no committals at all. These which the burden will have to be borne in case of prohibi-York County will doubtless vote against prohibition furnishing upwards of half the whole committals, while the other counties named will probably vote in favor of prohibition, though recording no committals at all for drunkenness, yet the burden of extra taxation will fall on all alike. The subject is not one which can be dismissed with a wave of the hand and a quotation from some tem perance lecture, for it means arithmetic, unequalized bur-dens, individual hardships, much perjury, and, worst of all,

W HEN writing some weeks ago about the resolution of the Halifax Board of Trade approving of the left. When writing some weeks ago about the resolution of the Halifax Board of Trade approving of the transfer of the Intercolonial Railway to the C.P.R.. I called attention to the fact that the whole of the Maritime Provinces outside of Halifax would be found bitterly opposed to any such proposition. Moneton, N.B., Board of Trade has jumped on the Halifax resolution, figuratively, with has jumped on the Halitax resolution, figuratively, with both feet, though it was defended by the able Nova Scotians who gave birth to the proposal. The Board of Trade of Sydney, N.S., through its president, has declared its readiness to back up Moncton, and, as predicted. Halifax will find itself sitting alone, while the men who supported the resolution will have their names underscored for defeat if they ever offer themselves for public positions outside their

Fighting by Machinery.

OME day," says the "Engineering Magazine" (December), in discussing Engineer-in-Chief Melville's recent report, "some one of the great naval power will awaken to the fact that fighting by machinery mean a so fighting altogether with engineers, and by engineering methods alone, and will sweep the whole medieval system overboard, and equip a fleet with a grim lot of men in overalls, who will run a war-ship as if it were a machine-shop. There will be no frills about uniform or rank or precedence. except so far as is necessary for organization and manage-ment; no disputing about credit or glory or any other ancient fiction. A war-ship will be an ugly piece of ma-chinery built to kill men and smash things, and the men

glamor, as a horrible necessity, to be deplored if you like, but to be done mechanically and unimpassionately, just as Homestead rolls its rails and beams, and as Duquesne feeds its blast-furnaces with ore and coke. The nation which first attacks the war problem as a mechanical business, and turn it over, not to its Miles and Corbins and Sampsons and Schleys, but to its Carnegies, its Morgans, its Fricks for managers, and to men like Corliss, Fritz, Baldwin, Jones, Hunt, Waring, Sweet-engineers who know what to do and how to do it—that nation will have revolutionized war-fare in the true sense, and made the great stride toward its abolition. So long as fighting is considered a thing to be admired, to be associated with glory, popularity, social distinction, and personal adornment with uniforms and decora-tions, so long will it persist in all parts of the world as an honorable profession, to be the aim of many and the admiration of more. When, however, it is made entirely a mechanical performance, when the personality is taken out of it as wholly as in the case of modern automatic tools when the identity of the performers in a conflict is as tho-roughly concealed as it is now in every ordinary manufac-turing operation, there will be fewer candidates for the training-schools in the art of war, and fewer occasions for the exercise of the art itself."



jolly dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs Walter Barwick to a party of young people on New Year's Eve, who after wishing the usual good things to their kind hosts at the witching hour, betook themselves to the delightful dance "en train" further down the street, where Miss Ethel Matthews

Tea at Stanley Barracks is always a jolly affair, and when Mrs. Buchan and the officers' wives were At Home on the first day of the New Year there was nothing but bright and happy faces and good wishes, and many a jolly laugh, to mark the reunion of congenial people who stole away from callers, braced up after unusual midday feasting, or took an hour before the many evening dinners which are always on the tapis for New Year's night. By the way, the funniest contretemps I ever heard marked one of these dinners. A man dined at half-past two, made a dozen calls, rushed home and changed into a dress suit, and tore off to a big family dinner, at which he arrived by mistake half an our too soon. Everyone was dressing, so the lone man bay window sat down to wait. The family assembled, and waited for their lone guest—the lone guest had gone peacefully to sleep among the cushions of the window-seat. When the awakened and realized the situation—realized also that t was nine o'clock, and judging by the sounds across the nall that "pudding all aflame" was being greeted by the small fry, he stole quietly to his overcoat and cap and as quietly to the nearest drugstore and telephone. He won't tell me just what lie he told!

Among the guests who enjoyed the tea hour at the Fort Among the guests who enjoyed the tea hour at the Fort were a pretty girl from Cambridge, Mass., Miss Marie Pope, who is visiting in town; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet. Mrs. Harry Greene, Miss Beardmore of Chudleigh, Miss Gertrude Elmsley, Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Enid Wornum, Mrs. and the Misses Harman, Mr. and Miss Helen Armstrong. Miss Montgomery, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Dr. George Peters, Colonel Delamere, Colonel Clarence Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi and Miss olonel Clarence Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi and Mis-Arnoldi, Mrs. Angus Macdonell and Miss Marie Macdonell Miss Macdonald, who was very bright and pretty in her riding habit, the Misses Rowand, Colonel Milligan and Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Colonel Otter, D.O.C. Colonel and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and Miss Cawthra, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Captain and Mrs. Capron Brooke, Miss Gertrude Temple, Mr. and Miss Janes, Captain Whitla, Miss Tottie Nicol, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Miss Stewart. The hostesses included Mrs. Buchan, who received in the drawing-room of the officers' mess; Mrs. Stewart. The drawing-room of the others mess, who brought her charming sister-in-law, Miss Vivien Williams, and Mrs. Nelles, looking very bright Mrs. Burnham is unfortunately laid up with a severe cold. Refreshments were very nicely served in the mess-room, and the band played during the afternoon.

Mrs. Tait returned to Montreal at the beginning of the week. Mrs. Cockburn has been suffering from a sever cold, which has confined her to bed for some days.

Mr. Arthur Grantham of New York is paying a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grantham of 15 Albany avenue. He is accompanied by a New York friend, Mr.

A jolly house dance was given by Mrs. Helliwell of Iverholme for the young friends of her popular son and daughter. Mr. Wallace and Miss Elsie Helliwell, and a few of their days of its occupancy by the former owner. Mrs. Catunach, has been so much enlarged and built upon that its orders have spread from a compact family residence to a huge pension. On Friday most of the apartments were devoted to the guests of the dance, and the very large crowd young folks found plenty of cosy sitting-out places herein to enjoy a quiet tete-a-tete between the dances. Large adjoining apartments, dining and billiard-rooms, were turned out for the dance, the music stationed between them, and the buffet set in the library, where continuous refreshments were served from a prettily decorated table. Mrs. Helliwell received in the drawing-room, and by her pleasant and hearty greeting made everyone feel most wel-come. Miss Helliwell, who looked very nice in white crepe with pastel shades of folded girdle and trimmings, was most watchful over the happiness of the young folks, and with her gallant brother performed every hospitable duty, which means that both the young people did a hard evening's work, as the host and hostess must expect at such a successful party. Among the beautiful visiting girls were the Misses Creighton of Brantford and Miss Howard of New cousin of Miss Sheila Macdougall, who was also very Among the married folk martly and becomingly gowned. were Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer. Mrs. de Webber, one of the most distinguished looking old ladies in Canada; Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. George Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Crease, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Dr. and Mrs. Ross. Mr. and Mrs. Fercy Beatty. Dr. and Mrs. Ross. Mr. and Mrs. Stanger. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ryerson. Mr. and Mrs. Temple. Mr. and Mrs. Fripp. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Grindley, and among the young people who looked particularly well were Miss Spragge in a smar olack gown: Miss Wornum in a lovely frock of yellow satin, encrusted with white lace: Miss Brouse, in a very becoming black frock; Miss Butler in pale blue brocade; Miss Gyp Armstrong in deep rose pink, with white lace applique: Miss Warwick of Sunnicholme in a dainty white dress: Miss Leila McDonell wore a crisp little dotted mous-seline with touches of black: Miss Croil wore white satin, and Miss Marie Foy a lovely gown of pale blue satin; Miss Bethune wore pale green satin. Miss Athol Boulton wore white point d'esprit over deep pink, and Miss Gladys Nordheimer primrose satin; Miss Louise Matthews wore a who do the work will do it for the wages they get just like any other workmen. The whole miserable business of warfare will appear in all its ugliness, divested of all its

of the younger girls who had much attention and looked well. Among the men were Mr. Stanislaus Gzowski is home for the vacation; Mr. Hardisty, Mr. Hellmuth who is home for the vacation; Mr. Hardisty, Mr. Hellmuth, Mr. Morton, Mr. Stewart, Messrs. McMurray, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Heron, Mr. Selby Martin, Mr. George Kerr, Mr. Walter Dewson, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Evans Lewis, Dr. Hood, Mr. Ryerson, Mr. Edgar, Mr. Greer, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. Ernest Cattanach, Mr. Rolph, Mr. Winder Strathy, Mr. Wisner, Mr. Kirk Christie, Mr. Foy, Mr. Norman, McLoud, Mr. Dudley, Oliver, and Mr. Davidson, Norman McLeod, Mr. Dudley Oliver, and Mr. Davidson

Mrs. F. Maughan Ellis (nee Jackes) will hold her post-nuptial reception at her new home, 85 Crescent road, Rose-dale, on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, January 13th and 14th, and on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout have taken a residence in Lowther avenue. I hear that it is the house made famous for its occupancy by happy brides and bridegrooms, this couple being the fourth in succession in its tenancy, Mr and Mrs. Fred Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble Mr. and Mrs. Percy Eby, and now Mr. and Mrs. Ridout having in their turn occupied it. I think it enjoys an unique record in this respect among Toronto residences.

Mrs. Lamport of 559 Jarvis street gave a very pleasant At Home yesterday from half-past four to seven o'clock.

Mrs. Bradley has removed her pension to 50 Maitland street, where her houst party includes Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander and Mr. Snively. Mrs. and Miss Lola Henderson. Miss Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, whose friends will note their change of address.

Owing to the death of Dr. McLeod of Detroit, the dance "en masque" to have marked a jolly event of "le jour d'an" has been put off. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod left for Detroit on Monday. Dr. McLeod visited his brother in Toronto not long since, and those who enjoyed meeting him much regretted the news of his death.

Mrs. Hammond's tea last week was a happy holiday affair at which her two daughters, Mrs. Bogert and Mrs. Parker, were present, Mrs. Parker assisting in the drawing-room and Mrs. Bogert, with Miss Ethel Butler, the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Miss Cassels, and Miss Mackenzie, being in charge of the tea-room. Pink roses and begonias were the flowers decorating the beautiful rooms, and the guests included Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. Otter. Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Charles Temple, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Paul Krell, Miss Mar garet Thomson, Mrs. Cronyn, Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. Bath, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Thomas Tait, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Bristol, and a very smart contingent of young girls.

Hon, Justice MacMahon and Mrs. MacMahon gave dinner party on Friday, December 27th, for Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon of Ottawa, who spent the vacation with them. The guests were Lady Kirkpatrick, the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. D. R. Wilkie.

The engagement of Mr. Cecil Padden of London, England, and Miss Marie Pope of Cambridge. Mass., is announced. Miss Pope met Mr. Padden while on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan at the mines, and I hear their marriage will take place in June.

Last Monday a small and very jolly tea for the "buds" was given by Mrs. Ryerson of Cecil street to a party of

"The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire" (which is the large title belonging to the women who are so earnest in their loyalty to England and Canada) has taken up the idea of commemorating the death of that noble ruler Queen Victoria, by the observance of "Violet day," January 22. Each Daughter of the Empire will wear a posy of vio-lets on that day, and the Canadians will know that their sisters in England and the colonies are with them in this graceful feminine tribute. The sweet perfume of a violet s above all the suggestion of the incense of a good and

Mr. Arthur Boulton spent the vacation with his people n Toronto Captain Gilpin Brown has returned to Regina.

On Monday Miss Maude Cartwright, daughter of Rev Conway Cartwright of Kingston, and Mr. John J. Telford of Louisville, Kentucky, were quietly married in Kingston. They have gone to their home in the South, followed by many earnest good wishes.

Miss Amy Laing is visiting friends in New York. Mrs. Reginald Carter of Ottawa (nee Pearson) is visiting her parents here. Mrs. Duncan has returned to Brantford. The Misses McMicking are in St. Catharines. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and Mrs. Simpson at a in St. Remo, where the roses are in bloom and the cranges getting ripe

Rev. Mr. Balstone of Aurora spent the vacation with his friend. Mr. Harry Caston, in Toronto.

Monday the Progressive Euchre very jolly fortnightly reunion at the residence of Mr. Walter Barwick. I hear Miss Barwick and Mr. Ewart Osborne are to be married in June.

Miss Ward will receive at her studio, Imperial Chambers, next the General Post-office, this afternoon from three

On New Year's night Mr. Jim Young of St. Alban's street was the host of a young men's eachre and supper, which brought together a very large party of the rising and bright young men of Toronto. Tables for the game were set in the spacious drawing-rooms, and everyone enjoyed the affair immensely. All the "summer boys" who are the life and soul of our lakeside and Island resorts proved that winter has not impaired their power of having

Mr. Frank Matthews, looking very bright and well, is nome on a visit to his people in Pembroke street.

Last Saturday evening the jolliest of children's parties was given by Mrs. Austin of Spadina for her young daughters. On Monday evening Miss Phyllis Lawlor was the graceful young hostess of a "not out" dance at her home, Frewen House, Queen's Park.

Miss Miriam Hellmuth went up to London for the holi-days to visit Mrs. Smallman. Several very smart parties have been made smarter by the presence of the dark-eyed belle from Toronto, who is very much at home in London. as I fancy it is her native city.

Miss Dore, an English girl who is visiting Mrs. Reginald Northcote, is a most beautiful and charming lady. She was with her host and hostess at the Ridout-Jones wedding on Saturday, and looked very handsome in a smart English frock and hat. Mrs. Paul Krell went to New York on Sunday evening

and sailed by the Celtic for England on Tuesday. She is very much missed by her many friends and admirers in Mr. Tom Delamere, who is with the third contingent at Halifax, has been laid up with a hurt foot, stepped on by

his charger. News from Major Archie MacDonell came pleasantly

to his people at Christmastide. He's well and busy

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Day with some of the following Ice-Cream, in any shape or quantity, Sundys, Individual and Fancy Ices. Frozen Puddings. Roman Punches. Charlotte Russe. Table and Whipping Cream.

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Social and Personal. haps a longer list of weddings having taken place within its consecrated walls among society people than any other church of its age in Toronto, was again on Saturday thrown open to more than one wedding party. The marriage of Mr. Douglas Ridout and Miss Ruth Jones was timed for helf. diss Ruth Jones was timed for halfmiss Ruth Jones was timed for half-past two o'clock, but for some time be-fore the church was well filled with a smart party of relatives and friends, who were met at the entrance and escorted to their places by four ushers, Mr. Vernon Jones, brother of the bride;
Mr. Howard Ridout, brother of the
groom; Mr. Edward Burke and Mr.
Walter Green. The guests had time to
note the festive decorations of the season and the beautifully illuminated son and the beautifully illuminated chancel and aftar, and listen to several well-played organ selections before the first welcoming notes of the bridal processional were heard. The surpliced choir, preceded by an acolyte carrying a magnificent golden cross, and chanting as they slowly swept up the aisle, led the way to the chancel, followed by the officiating priest, Rev. Canon McNab of St. Alban's, who, assisted by Rev. Harold McCausland and Rev. Mr. Reale, performed the marriage. Rev. Harold McCausland and Rev. Mr. Beale, performed the marriage ceremony, which was fully choral. After the clergy came the ushers and the maid of honor, Miss Allayne Jones, sister of the bride, looking very dignified in a white dress of organdie, with flounced jupe and very pretty bodice, trimmed with lace and tucks, and a black picture hat, with plumes. She carried a sheaf of white roses. After her the two bridesmaids, Miss Murlei Ridout and Miss Mary Miles, both pret-

her the two bridesmaids, Miss Murlei Ridout and Miss Mary Miles, both pretty and graceful girls, in primrose yellow frocks of mousseline de soie, black plumed hats and bouquets of white roses. They all wore the pretty pearlings given as souvenirs of the happy event by the bridegroom. Mr. Alphonse Jones led in the bride, who was very lovely in a delicately airy robe of lace over satin, with pleatings of chiffon at the hem. Her figure is always graceful and charming, and, enveloped in her bridal vell, Miss Jones looked an ideal bride; her dark eyes and hair and perbride; her dark eyes and hair and perfect oval face framed in tulle and crowned with orange blossoms, were most attractive. The gown was perfectly suitable to the sweet young girl who wore it. The guimpe and sleeves were of lace, and she carried a bouquet of Bride roses and lily of the valley. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Rosedale, where Mr. and Mrs. Jones gave the breakfast and bridal reception. The bride's mother wore black crepe dechine, with some handsome point lace on the bodice, and a very smart and becoming chapeau of white with black and pink. Mrs. Ridout, mother of the bride; her dark eyes and hair and per

and pink. Mrs. Ridout, mother of the groom, looked very sweet in silver-gray, with white lace, and a smart little white and black bonnet. An extremely smart gown of gray Irlsh poplin was worn by Mrs. Wheelock Allen. tremely smart gown of gray Irish poplin was worn by Mrs. Wheelock, Allen. Mrs. John Kay wore a smart fawn costume. Mrs. George Ridout was in black and peacock, a very trim and handsome gown, with toque to match. Mrs. Falconbridge was handsomely gowned. Mrs. Allen Aylesworth also looked very well. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Strickland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews and Mrs. Smithell, Mr. and Mrs. Holland of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. Van der Linde, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Miss Eva Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Guelph, Mrs. John Ridout, to whom everyone offered particular greetings as one of the representatives of the old regime in Toronto; the Misses Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Skae, Dr. and Mrs. Jones of Mount Forest, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. Gooch, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooch, Mr. Colin Gordon and Miss Gordon, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, and a great many others were present. The bride and groom received in the artistic drawing-room before a bank of "golden wedding" chrysanthemums and ferns, and the wish that they might fulfil the suggestion of the flowers chosen for decoration of the room was natural and freely expressed. Canon McNab procoration of the room was natural and freely expressed. Canon McNab proposed the health of the bride at the breakfast, and the guests seconded his sentiments with enthusiasm. Mr. and sentiments with entitusiasm. Mr. and Mrs. Ridout went away on the late afternoon train for their honeymoon, amid showers of rice and roses. Mrs. Ridout's going-away gown was of blue cloth, with toque to match and trimmed with white. I hear that a pretty house is being built for them in Rosedale, as a wedding gift. Mrs. Ridout's reception day will be announced on her return. The bride received most beautiful gifts, which were much admired by hearing and many large deals.

home beautiful. Mr. Percy Patterson is spending some time with his people in Brunswick ave-

ver, and among the other gifts were half a dozen rare pictures, a fine swing-

ing mirror, carved chairs, silver and cut glass by the dozen, and many love-ly pieces of work. Mrs. Ridout should have no difficulty in making her new

The engagement of Miss Florrie Scarth and Mr. Glynn Osler has fol-lowed closely upon that of her sister, Miss Constance, and Mr. Locke of Trinty. These charming girls are over-whelmed with good wishes.

Miss Mary Elwood is visiting Mrs. Peters in London. Many Christmas wishes and "Happy New Years" go from Toronto to the Forest City, where Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Grace Peters, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Grace Peters, Colonel and Mrs. Young and Major and Mrs. Denison are quartered just now. Miss Denison went up to spend the holidays with her brother, whose elder daughter made her debut this week at a dance given by Major and Mrs. Denison at the Barracks. Mr. Thrift Burnside spent the holidays in London also.

Miss Greenshields has changed her day of reception from Friday to Tues-day, and receives on the second and fourth Tuesdays at her home, 2 Elms-

Mr. Walter Lee's physicians on Monday pronounced his case typhoid. The patient was doing well at time of writing.

large reunion this season. Mr. Fred Beardmore came on from Montreal, and Mrs. Fisk has been paying a long visit to Chudleigh, where some charming entertaining has been going on. Fascinating Mrs. Kitson, who went down to Rideau Hall for Christmas, was one of the Chudleigh, pasts. of the Chudleigh party.

Mr. Jack Ross came down for New Year, and for the New Year's eve tear, and for the New Year's evedance given at the home of his lovely flancee, Miss Matthews. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick gave a jolly dinner and New Year's eve reunion to a party of young folks, who afterwards finished the happy might which welcomed 1902, at Mrs. Matthews' donce. Matthews' dance.

An afternoon euchre was given on Monday by Mrs. Mitchell (nee Gooderham) for her sister, Mrs. Greenshields, of Montreal. Twelve tables were arranged for the game, and the players very much enjoyed the affair.

Mrs. Harriss of Earnscliffe has been paying a short visit to her sister, Mrs Charlie Ryerson. Everyone who has Charile Ryerson. Everyone who has had the pleasure of a visit at Earns-cliffe since the wizard touch of its delightful owner has transformed it within and without, is struck with the exquisite taste and judgment which, while quisite taste and judgment which, while beautifying and improving the historic home, have yet carefully preserved a certain sentiment dear to those who knew it in the days of its noted occupant, Sir John Macdonald. I wish space permitted a description of all the new beauties of Earnscliffe, the situation of which is one of the most perfect in all our wide Dominion.

Miss Kay of Boston is visiting Mrs Miss Kay of Boston is visiting Mrs. Walter Barwick. Miss Marie Pope, also of Boston, who has been since August on a visit with Mrs. Alan Sullivan at Rat Portage and Elizabeth Mine, came down on Monday for a short visit to Mrs. Hees. An Item of special interest regarding the latter fair Bostonian has come my way, of which more anon.

Miss Amy Douglas gave a theater Miss Amy Douglas gave a theater party, with supper at her home after, in honor of Miss Howard, that sweet young New York girl who is visiting her relatives at Carlton Lodge. Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick chaperoned the young people, and the evening was of the most delightful.

Mrs. James Johnstone of 116 Bellevue avenue gave an At Home on Friday evening, Dec. 27, at which her new home was thrown open and the spa clous drawing-room used for dancing.
For those who did not dance card
tables were arranged. Refreshments
were served during the evening in the dining-room. Mrs. Johnstone, who received in the drawing-room, wore a lovely gown of black velvet and rose pink. Miss Katie was in a dainty white silk. Mrs. Percy McMahon looked lovely in a handsome gown of black with with convince and towers of the lovely in a handsome gown of black silk, with sequins and touches of turquoise blue. Mrs. Harry Bennett was charming in pink silk. Mrs. Jarrett wore black satin, with trimmings of white. Miss Lochlin wore a dainty pink silk gown. Mrs. Williamson was in black silk, with jet. Others were Dr. and Mrs. Peaker, Miss Dewar, Miss Vanderlip, Miss Mann, Misses Ramsden, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hall, and Messrs. Jarrett, McMahon, Thompson, Spanner, Hodgins, Bates, Ramsey, Spanner, Hodgins, Bates, Ramsey, Scarff, Wright and Elliott.

The Board of Management of Grace Hospital wish to thank the many kind friends who so generously contributed to the Christmas cheer. The patients, nurses and staff especially wish to thank Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, who personally presented each one with a gift on Christmas morning.

Dr. Frank B. Lundy of Portage la Prairie spent a few days in town, the guest of his cousin, Mrs. William R. Roche, of Jarvis street.

The Alienation of the General.

FIRST encountered him in the streets of a Montana "cow-town," where he was affording amusement to a crowd of men and boys, while a tipsy musician was attempting the Boulanger March on an antique piano. To save him from further abuse I bought him, and aver afterwards he was known to his

ever afterwards he was known to his little world as "General Boulanger." We grew to look upon the General as an interesting scientific phenomenon. His was a soul saturated with hate for all men. Any amiable qualities he may by her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jones duplicated the magnificent present they gave to their elder daughter, Mrs. Herbert Hulme, a splendid cabinet of silling, and in our lonely camp the General became the object of such flattering attention that only his unconquerable misanthropy kept him from becoming an arrant snob. For a long time our efforts were unavailing, but as the weeks went by I thought I not the deal with the standard property of the standard property in the as the weeks went by I thought I not ticed a little less shrinking, fewer growls, and a faint gleam of recog-nition in the glassy eyes when I ap-proached. I felt the thrill of conquest, and redoubled my efforts. The heart of stone was at last touched, and my the-

stone was at last touched, and my theory in regard to "yaller dogs" was correct.

We returned to the outskirts of civilization, and one day, driving once more to the town, so filled with painful memories for the General, I was surprised to behold him again in the street, slinking about with others of his kind. The slight results of our patient labors were in peril. It would never do to allow the General's slowly growing faith in man to be nipped in never do to allow the General's slowly growing faith in man to be nipped in the bud by further town life, so with infinite pains I secured him and tied him to the back of my wagon. I remonstrated with him gently, as he lay cringing in the dugt, for his base desertion of the only friends he had ever known.

known.

The painful journey homeward began. The General betrayed a distinct unwillingness to ride, so he was allowed to follow at the end of a long rope behind. With his usual acumen, he fancied the strength of two half-broken broncos to be as naught compared to his fiery determination to remain in town. So he sat down. With an expression of pained surprise on his countenance he traversed a few hunday pronounced his case typhoid. The patient was doing well at time of writing.

Three fine young men indeed are Mr.
Walter Beardmore's sons, who are all at home for the holiday festivities. Mr.
Lissant Beardmore has been a long KINGSLEY & CO.

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happy chance alighted on the extremities nature had provided for purposes of locomotion. Then, with bowed head, he trotted contentedly along. I turned to look at him occasionally, and flattered myself that I saw in his demean or evidences of regret at his folly, and a determination to do better in the future. I spoke encouragingly to him, but he was too absorbed in meditation to look up.

A hot afternoon's ride brought us to an irrigating ditch. After rattling over the few loose planks which served as a bridge, I stopped to repair a break in the harness. The General, hot and the harness. The General, hot and dusty, at once dashed into the little stream to drink and bathe. With my back to the tired horses I watched him.

As I looked he performed his colossal act of folly, the final episode in his witless career. After refreshing himself on one side of the tiny bridge, quite

sen on one side of the tiny bridge, durie unmindful of his connection with my rear axle, he laboriously splashed under the bridge and came out the other side. Cooled by his bath, he came to the side of the wagon and looked sweetly up at me. Immensely imsweetly up at me. Immensely impressed by his sagacity, I was on the point of alighting to free him from his dangerous predicament, when the hand of fate, ever turned against him, struck the last blow

A fly stung my off bronco, and with a squeal he and his startled mate rushed madly down the road. I was rushed madly down the road. I was hurled to the bottom of the wagon, but not before I saw the General turn a perfect back somersault and shoot toward the stream. In a cloud of dust he disappeared into the water, and then followed a symphony of howls as he traversed the dark and damp nether side of the bridge, to be shot up into daylight once more by the united strength of two frightened broncos. In a shower of spray he struck the road twenty feet from the bridge, and did onty feet from the bridge the horses to a standstill. Once more I turned to the General. He was a pitiable sight. Covered with mud and half strangled, he quivered with cold

and rage.

As we traversed the short distance As we traversed the short distance to camp I tried to fancy what his re-flections were. Knowing him as well as I did, I felt sure that he looked as I did, I felt sure that he looked upon the past weeks of kindness as part of an elaborate scheme to win his confidence enough to practice this last insult upon him. I dreaded the consequences of the episode, and planned new blandishments to reinstate myself

in his favor.

Arriving in camp, my first thought was to release him from the wagon. But the water and mud made it difficult to unfasten the knot at his collar cult to unfasten the knot at his collar. Feeling keenly the embarrassment of his position, I untied the rope from the axle and threw it on the ground. The General watched me sulkily, and when the end of that hated rope fell free he bounded to his feet. With one final smarl of utter hate and disgust he

was off like a shot; not in a wild, pur-poseless circle, but straight as the flight of an arrow across the prairie. Away he went, with the lariat drag-

Away he went, with the lariat dragging behind him.

With eyes raised to the solitary snow peak a hundred miles away he flew from us, with a heart full of hate and a grim determination to put half a continent, if need be, between himself and tyrant man. As I watched the little cloud of dust, raised by his hurrying feet, disappear on the horizon, I realized the futility of battling against fate.

Then our packer broke the silence: "There goes the ornriest cur in the

"There goes the ornriest cur in the world with the best lariat in Montana." —"Atlantic Monthly."

Dearth of Genius.

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there is a glut of "able men"—that is to say, men who have brains and know their business, who are industrious and energetic, and are either clever, or have the trick of appearing so. But the kind of intellectual distinction which we call genius was never so rare in every department of life.—"Truth."

He Missed His Opportunity.

"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Upereek, who was visiting his city ne-ohew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every the other side of the street; Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand-running."
"I suppose he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle,"

replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?"

"Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years

myself. "Who is he?"

"I don't know."
"What does he foller?"
"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle.

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out. In an hour or two he returned.
"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's wuth about twenty-seven thousand dollars, owns that seven thousand donars, owns that house an' lot, belongs to the Presbyterian church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."

"Hello" Before Prayers.

A nervous looking girl consulted a doctor, who asked her what she was suffering from. Her answer was as follows: "I'm a telephone girl, doctor, and the work is a terrible strain on my nerves. The monotony of having a re-ceiver constantly at my ears, and saying 'Hello!' tells upon my nerves. When off duty I am always having 'Hello!' ringing in my ears, and I am constantly saying it. When I go to bed, I wake up from sleep saying 'Hel-lo!' And even when I kneel down to say my prayers I instinctively say 'Hel-lo!' before I commence them."

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CHAPTER XV. "The Man You Love."

"There! I've typed a thousand words in an hour!" I announced. "Isn't that good for an amateur?

good for an amateur?"
"Splendid!" said John Bourke.
"Shall I ever be as good as your other secretary, who left you to be married?"
I wistfully asked.
"There never was a secretary like

you." he replied.

"Oh! But is that meant for praise or otherwise?"

"It's meant to tell you that I wish I could keep you for my secretary al

"Perhaps you may. I'll grow old in

your service."

He came closer and stood looking down at my finished work, yet not seeming to see it. I felt that there was something which he wished to say, and that he was thinking of the right be-ginning; but just as he had opened his lips to speak there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jennett entered with a

the door. We sent the tere with a telegram sent on for Mr. Bourke from the hotel where he was living.

He read it and crushed the paper in his hand. "I must go at once," he said. "But I shall be back to-morrow morn-

ing about half-past ten with some more work for you to tackle, if you will."

"What were you going to say before Mrs. Jennett came in?" I curfously euquired, as he held out his hand for He looked at me intently, in a char-

acteristic way he had, that always quickened my blood a little. "Do you really want to know?"
"Very much, or I wouldn't have

"And I very much want to tell you. But it's something too important to be told in a hurry. If you were offended I should not have time now to try and

make my case good."
"Am I likely to be offended?"
"I can't tell. I hope not, more than
I ever hoped anything."

"Dear me! And I must wait till to-

"I had meant not to speak of this matter until you were out of this house and in those rooms of you own to which you seem so eagerly looking to which you seem so eagerly looking forward. But I'm not a very patient man, I'm afraid, where my own interests are at stake; and now that the subject has been broached—"To-morrow, then!" I broke in. "At half-past ten. It's an appointment." "Yes," he said, slowly. "You shall hear what I have to say for myself." All this time he had been holding my hand, and I had forgotten to draw it away, for the conversation had been

my hand, and I had forgotten to draw it away, for the conversation had been very absorbing. Now I remembered, and gently pulled away my fingers. One more quick, strong pressure he gave them, and then, with an abrupt "Goodbye until to-morrow," he turned, and was gone without looking back. "What can it be that he wants to say to me?" I thought. "Something so important that he is anxious about it—something he hopes mayn't offend me?"

something he hopes mayn't offend me?

That speech was puzzling, for it seemed that, if the mysterious "something" were the one thing I dared to hope it might just possibly be, there could be no idea of "offence." Still, the of his face more than the spoken words, perhaps, gave me a hope that went thrilling through my veins. And when his tall, alert figure had passed out of sight I lifted the hand that he had pressed and kissed it. Then, ashamed of what I had done, I hurried back to the typewriter, and began to work as if driven by a merci-

but this was nothing to me, and I did outside the study sent the blood flying

"He's out, really, your ladyship." Mrs. Jennett was protesting, almost im-ploring. "He won't be back to-day, I do assure yout."

do assure you."

"I am sorry," followed silvery accents, which in the fraction of a second carried me back to another world. "I will write a note and leave it, if you will kindly let me go into the study, where I waited once before."

I sprang up from the table where I had been typing, and my heart was thumping against my side. Unless Mrs. Jennett somehow prevented her, in a moment more Lady Feo Ringwood

moment more Lady Feo Ringwood

moment more Lady Feo Ringwood would be in the room. She would see me; what would she think?
"What does it matter?" I said, angrily, to myself. "I'm Mr. Bourke's secretary. I'd rather this hadn't happened, but—there's nothing to be ashamed of. Anyhow, it's too late now I can't run away."

There was only one door leading into the study, and my imagination pictured

the study, and my imagination picture

Lady Feo just outside.

"Oh, your ladyship," Mrs. Jennett
was saying, "you don't need to trouble
about writing a note. I'll give Mr.
Bourke any message you may like to

note of distress added to my confusion If she were so anxious to prevent Lady Feo Ringwood from seeing me, per-haps there were reasons stronger than I knew for concealment of my presence. My face grew burning hot, and my hands trembled. I looked round the hands trembled. I looked round the room, but no hiding-place offered, even if I could have humiliated myself to seek one. Mrs. Jennett was the arbiter of my fate. If she failed to keep Lady Feo out of the study I must be brave and make the best of it. "I would really rather write, thank you. It is no trouble," said the visitor, every word coming distinctly to my ears. Then the handle of the door turned, and Lady Feo Ringwood swept

turned, and Lady Feo Ringwood swept

silkenly into the room. I faced her standing, my eyes unflinching, but my heeks scarlet.

cheeks scarlet.

She started, and her beautiful face went from white to red. For an awkward instant no one spoke. Then Mrs. Jennett, quivering in the background. stepped into the breach. ship, this is Miss Harland, Mr. Bourke's secretary."

"Ah, indeed?" said Lady Feo. "I be leve I have met Miss Harland" (sh spoke the name slowly and with em phasis) "before. Do you remember Miss Harland?"

Yes, I remember you very well, Lady Feo," I answered, and though I tried only to keep my tone steady, it sounded "It is interesting to meet you again-

rere." She turned to Mrs. Jennett with smile, looking a very great lady, as ndeed she was. "I will write my note ndeed she was. and perhaps, as Miss Harland is here she will take charge of it, so I need not trouble you. I am in no hurry, and if she doesn't mind, I would like a little talk with her. We have, I think, some

"If you are not too busy, miss?" the poor old woman said, anxiously, to me. Her eyes added: "Do forgive me. I did my best. I hope this won't vex you very much

I sent a glance to reassure her. My spirit was roused, and I did not wish the visitor to go without some explana-tion; though I had arranged no formua talk with Lady Feo Ringwood." I re

Mrs. Jennett disappeared, closing the

"Will you sit down?" I said. "No!" Lady Feo ejaculated, her voice

"No!" Lady Feo ejaculated, her voice atterly changed in an instant. "No, I can't sit down."

Her tone was a challenge, and I ooked up to meet it. Our eyes met.

"It's true, then!" she exclaimed. "I ould never have believed it.

"What do you mean?" I asked, quick-"Did you expect—were you told that I was here?

"Not that," she declared. "Not so bad as that. I was told that-s was here."
"I don't understand you at all, Lady

Feo," I said.

trange to you—"
"Strange? It is incredible!"
"Not incredible really: it only ap-pears so," I protested, hardly knowing hether I was supposed to be on the efensive or not. "I daresay you must efensive or not. ave heard that-that I had a very

ried, with a kind of fierce impatience "But nothing, nothing which led me to expect this."

"Yet you said a moment ago that you had heard—"

'I was not thinking of you then; I

was thinking of Mr. Bourke."

I felt the blood which had burnt in
my cheeks receding to leave me pale. Still, I was at a loss to fathom her Still, I was at a loss to fathom her emotion. She had been on friendly terms with my adopted mother and me. The last time I had seen her she had been dining with us and some people Lady Cope had asked to the Savoy Hotel the Sunday night before my banishment. Did her excitement now mean surprise at meeting me again, and concern at seeing me so fallen in the world as to be earning my living as a typewriter, or was there something

"Mr. Bourke has been very kind to

ar. Bourse has been very kind to me," I said. "I am trying to help him as well as I can." "Kind to you!" Lady Feo echoed. with a strange bitterness. "But what has he been to himself?"

"For him this spells ruin. You talk helping!" Is it possible you are so ind as not to see that you are drag-ng him down—down off the pedestal

ried, a sudden flame of anger leaping of her dark eyes. "I never thought that ou were wicked or a fool, Shella Cope. Now I believe you are both. Wicked or him. A fool for yourself." "Lady Feo!" I exclaimed, indignant-

Lady Feo. I extramed, indignant-y, "You are older than I am, but you must not speak to me like that."

She had been very pale under a faint pink tinge of souge which I had not suspected her of before, but now her heeks blazed and hid the hard line of rrificial color. "Older than you!" she repeated, intolerantly. "Three or four rears, perhaps. But after this thing

years, perhaps. But after this thing that you have done you can no longer pose as a guileless child."

"I have done nothing." I answered her, hotly. "Nothing, except to lose all my friends and all my money, and be obliged to work for my bread."

"You look like a hard-working bread-

neered. Before any answer had come to me

"At least, I see by your face that you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself. Then there may be some hope yet."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of." I

"I have nothing to be assistance of, and idd find voice to say at last. "I think that you and I. Lady Feo Ringwood, must be playing at cross purposes. Did you come here to insult me?"

"I came to save John Bourke—if I

"To save him-from what?" "To speak frankly, from great dan-ger of losing all the fruit of his ambi-tion. His seat in Parliament; his chance of rising higher still, should the

Liberal party come into power."
For a moment, in the shock of hearing that the man I loved was in peril of such a disaster. I forgot myself and the part allotted to me in this strange

"Oh, he must not lose it!" I cried.

Lady Feo looked at me with a curious xpression. "It rests with you," she

"With me? Impossible!" "But it is true. Listen, and I will tell you how. Mr. Bourke has enemies, as all strong men must have. It has got about that—that—well, that a mysterious lady is living in his house. Al

ous tady is fiving in his house. An sorts of stories are being told—"
"They are lies!" I broke in, furiously, understanding her at last.
"Wait—if you really care for him. Hear me to the end. I am, his friend. I believe in him as I have never believed in any other way. I would do enviting in any other mam. I would do anything to save him from the storm that is gathering. If you have any real love for him in your heart, any womanly inselfishness born of love, you will do

"It is not his house!" I cried, des perately, scarcely able to speak for the sobbing breath that came pantingly with the wild beating of my heart. "It is Mrs. Jennett's house. He is not living here. He has been at an hotel ever

what sophistry! Even if I be lieved it, what good would such a story do him, when he came to defend himself from the accusations which will be brought against him? Sheila Cope, tell

"He is my employer, my friend," I stammered, "not my lover. Never has one word of—"

"Answer my question!"
"I will not answer. You have right to ask." "You have answered. But I say to

"You have answered. But I say to you you do not love him or you would leave this house now—this hour."
"I was going away in a day or two," I said. "It is all arranged. My rooms are engaged. I have been ill, and—"
"I don't mean that sort of going away. You might as well stay here, for all the good you will do to Mr. Bourke my moving to rooms which he.

Bourke my moving to rooms which he has taken for you-"Mrs. Jennett took them." I cut he

short, obstinately, tears of shame and anger brimming over in my eyes.

"Oh, nonsense! It's all one. Don't play the child with me."

I adjured her with passion, "I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that you cruelly wrong both me and the man you love!" She quivered, and stared at me side-

sne quivered, and stared at me side-wise, her eyes flashing.
"How dare you say I love him!"
"You have dared to say things to me such as no one else on earth would have uttered. Why should I not dare? And I do say it-though it is nothing to

For a moment she looked at me in her bosom rising and falling under its soft summer laces and the bunch of purple orchids pinned in her dress. "Well." she spoke at last, more softly, "you are right. I confess it. For it may prove the touch of nature that vill make us two kin for this one hour I plead to you—I don't command. Save him—as I would save him, were I in your place—no matter how costly the sacrifice. You tell me I do you an injustice. Suppose I do. Yet would men of the world believe it—the men he has to deal with? Why, I came here in fear and trembling, praying I might do something. But I should have feared far more—always for John Bourke's future—if I'd dreamt that the girl I had heard of in this house was Sheila

diserably, my heart so cold that it deemed to freeze all flexibility from my

voice. It sounded in my own ears like that of a very, very old woman. "Now that you are quieter and gen-tler. I'll explain. Only, this time, you must promise to hear me through to the end without interruption. Will you

I nodded-for it was hard to speak.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Letter on the Typewriter. "Everybody has been talking about Shella Cope and her affairs," Lady Fed went on, carefully, as if she were piling her indictment, word by word, coosing each as a builder might choose stone. "You have made conversation teas and dinners, and doubtless in

ake the trouble to contradict it. He, or someone—it doesn't signify—gave out that you had gone to France to live with relations. But you disappeared with relations. But you disappeared such a short time ago that people naven't yet lost interest. They are on the qui vive to hear the next develop-ment. What will be said of John Bourke when it comes out that instead of being in France you are in his house vourself Miss Harland, and

rearing lovely white sath tea-gowns?"
"I shall cause the truth to be said."
pleaded rather than protested. "I
yould rather die than harm should ome to him through my fault, after all nis goodness to me. I was penniles and almost starving, Lady Feo—so des perate that I was going to throw my elf into the river, when he found me and brought me here, because I had

owhere else to go."
"All the worse for him, when the tory is known. He will be called a coundrel for taking advantage of your "For giving me work-for leaving his

nome that it might be a refuge for me when I was too ill to be moved?" "That won't be what his enemies wil

But if I tell all-all, myself?" "Nobody would believe you. Naturally a girl, caught in such a web, would make things look as well for herself as she could. It wouldn't help him—or ou. Believe me, for I know the world.

"What would you have me do?" I de-nanded, brokenly. "I have told you. Go away."
"And I have said that I am going "To rooms of his taking. Oh, Shella, I beg of you, for his sake, go far away from him, and leave no trace."

Now, indeed, I could control my tears no longer. They fell from my eyes like

no longer. They fell from my eyes like rain, and sobs choked my voice.
"Oh, I can't— I can't do that!" I

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After 2,000 experiments I have learned

After 2,000 experiments I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever. I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim, pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it*doesn't. your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it doesn't, I will pay him myself. I have no samples. Any medicine

that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems t you, I know it and I take the risk. have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or let-

nply write me a postal caru of the Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

Simply state which book you want and name of your dealer, and address Dr., Book No. 2 on the Heart. Book No. 3 on the Kidneys. Book No. 4 for Women. Book No. 5 for Men (sealed). Book No. 5 for Men (sealed). Book No. 5 for Menmatism.

ungrateful-he would believe horribl

things that are not true."

"If he did, you should be unselfish enough to be glad. For it would span him pain. And it would keep him from searching for you, which he might do was his duty to see that you wer safe." otherwise, out of a conviction that It

flung at her. flung at her. "Perhaps you only want to get me out of the way." Lady Feo Ringwood smiled. "You don't really think that. I am not afraid of you with John Bourke, my poot child."

I looked at her, and as my pain and jealousy accentuated her beauty, I told myself bitterly that she had no need to be afraid. She was like a young queen, in her exquisite dress and the picture hat that contrasted with he auburn hair: "daughter of the gods. divinely tall, and most divinely fair." I was a little insignificance, my poor claims to prettiness paling beside her

classic perfection. "I saw," she continued, "from that old woman's reluctance to let me into the study that the Secret was there and so I was determined to enter, for I had come to the house with a purpose. I expected to see some ordinary girl of no importance. I found you. I said to myself: 'Sir Roger Cope will kill John Bourke for this, or John will kill him!'"

"Roger Cope!" I ejaculated. "Always

Roger Cope."
"Yes, Roger Cope, But if he the only one with whom Mr. B will have to reckon it would not bad. I am so far from having lied to you that certain political opponents who would give ten years of their live to have him under their feet, have ar ranged to set spies upon him. Anyon who rings at the door-bell may be spy. Or the servants will be questioned Are you brave enough? Do you love

him enough for this? "I am grateful enough," I answered haughtily.
"Then do it—quickly, before you change your mind and weaken; quickly, before it is too late. If you do this I shall believe in you and speak well o

snrank away from the gloved hand she laid on mine and shivered. I guessed the meaning cloaked by her words. She wished me to understand that sometime in the future, when she was John Bourke's wife, and he was safe from that sort—such stories are always vague—you were no longer an heiress. Roger Cope came into everything. He was in love with you, of course. We all thought that, those who knew him and those who didn't; and he did not take the trouble to contradict it. He someone—it doesn't size.

"I will tell Mrs. Jennett that you have brought me news which makes it ne-cessary for me to go away," I said, as firmly as I could. "And—I will leave

no message for-Mr. Bourke "Ah, but that would be to defeat the end you seek to gain," Lady Feo assured me, hastily. "Mr. Bourke must not know that I have had anything to do with your going-for his own sake he must not. If he took the idea into his head that you had been coerced in any way, he would certainly no stop to think of his own advantage but would move heaven and earth til he had found you again, giving you back your position as his secretary-

"I shall contrive to get on without I replied.

"You will let me help you, of course "You will let me nelp you, or course; It would be only fair, since by my ad-vice you are giving up—your situation." "I shall not need your help, thank you." I said. For I would not have taken anything from her to save my-

self from starving.
"I didn't mean you to go away without leaving word for Mr. Bourke," she went on, catching up the dropped thread with animation; for her offer of thread with animation; for her offer of assistance had been but perfunctor; and absent-minded. "It would be best to satisfy his mind that you had gon because it was your own wish, becaus you thought that you could better your self. Then, you see, his conscience would be at rest; he would be con-tended to let you alone; and the flame of scandal would presently die, let us hope, for lack of fuel."

"Very well, I daresay you are right," I rejoined, hopelessly. "I will write such a letter." Lady Feo's hand rose nervously to

her breast, toying with the pinned among her laces. "She "Shella," she cried. "Go without letting him know why or where? He would believe me you—you would not. I suppose, let me

see the letter when it is written, and-and advise you about it?"

I saw that she meant to persist if showed signs of refusing her request and I did not care to hold out against the suggestion. Since I was an obsta-cle in John Bourke's path up the hill of fame, I wished to remove myself in the way that would be best for him. I was ready to believe that Lady Feo Ringwood knew what the best way was, not so much because I considered her a wise and conscientious adviser, as be cause her revelations had forced me to

cause her revealations and forced me to certain deductions of my own.

John Bourke's words, which had made me so happy and hopeful only an hour or two ago, came back to me now, lurid in the light of a new meaning.

I sat down at the table from which

I had risen at the sound of Lady Feo's voice in the passage and deliberately placed a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriting machine. Then I began to tap out, letter by letter, my farewell to the man I loved.

"Dear Mr. Bourke," I wrote. "It is easler to write some things than to speak them. After all, I don't think that the life of a typewriter would suit me. I have grown restless and want a change." (How my heart smote me as my fingers told the falsehood!) "Per haps I was foolish to choose poverty when I might have had all I could pos-sibly wish for. So now I have changed my mind. Lest you should not approve, and I should be forced to argue my point (I'm not good at argument), I will not wait to hear what you think of this step I am taking, but will say farewell now. Thank you again for all your kindness, which I shall never cease to appreciate. But I shall be happier in a life more like that to which I was brought up. In that life we may not meet again; and so this is good-bye.

Lady Feo's eyes followed each line as I typed it. "Well?" I said at last, when I took the paper from the machine to

sign.
"It is very well indeed," she pronounced. "You have given exactly the
impression that it is best to convey.
You couldn't do better."

"I am glad you are satisfied," I said, In a stiffed voice. I dipped a pen in an ink-pot standing near, then paused with it suspended. I had never signed when it suspended. I had never signed the name which was really mine," Jenny Harland," and to do so was repulsive. "I will not be Jenny," I said to myself; "not to him at least. In this one thing I will indulge my own wish. I shall sign myself 'Shaila'."

I shall sign myself 'Shella.'"

I wrote the name hurrledly beneath the few typed paragraphs, folded the letter, and put it into an envelope, which I addressed to "John Bourke, Esq." I felt as if I had signed my own death warrant; but I wept no longer. A stony calmness had come to help me through the rest of this scene with Lady Feo Ringwood.

"When will he be here again?" she "Not till to-morrow," I informed her.

"As sure as I can be of anything."
"That's good. I will go now, for, as I said. I must not be associated with this plan of yours. Presently, I suppose, you can make some excuse to that old woman—Mrs. Jennett, isn't it'. You won't tell her that you are leaving for good?"

-o," I said, slowly. "Perhaps i would be better not. She has been very kind to me, and it is hateful to leave her so. But one hateful thing more or less doesn't matter much now."
"You are a brave girl, Sheila Cope,"

exclaimed Lady Feo. "It sounds con ward your unselfishness, but, really, believe it will."

I said, my lips very stiff as formed the words. "At all events you must come to me afterwards. Not to my house, perhaps, for that might lead to awkwardness—

one never can tell. Things happen so queerly. But we must make an ap-pointment. This is a great responsi-bility I've undertaken, and I feel—" "Don't feel," I cut her short, abrupt-ly. "I shall be all right."

'Have you-do forgive me-but have Her hand fluttered towards a dainty gold-netted purse that she had laid with a lace film of handkerchief on Mr

Bourke's desk.

Bourke's desk.

I stopped her with a gesture. "I know where to get money, thank you."
"Oh, very well. Of course you know your own affairs best. What else is there for me to say?"
"Nothing but-good day." I returned

"I have been very frank, very out spoken, because I had to be so. But hope you don't feel hard towards me

"I don't think that I-feel anything,

I murmured something, and did no seem to see the hand which she held seem to see the hand which she held out—a great lady condescending to a misguided girl who had promised to mend her ways, and therefore deserved commendation. She gathered up her belongings and went to the door, then turned and looked at me anxiously

"You won't change your mind and-nd stay after all? I may-trust you?" My eyes flashed to hers. "I am doing this, not for you but for

Mr. Bourke," I said. "I will not go back

rom my promise to myself.'
"Then I do trust you." She had the last word and so was

gone.

Mechanically I began to put away
the material on which I had been at
work. I had finished typing Mr.
Bourke's article, which was to appear
in the "Fortnightly Review." Never
would I do any more work for him.

"One of the 55 good things"

CLARK'S MINCE MEAT

A blessing to the busy housekeeper, in the holiday season - A pure food necessity - Selected meats, pure spices-Blending just right - Makes perfect pies—Sold in tins At all grocers.



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That's the way young men and women are talking who intend to make a success in business for the new year. They will enter for the new year term in this college that commences January 6th.—Book-keeping, stenography, type.—writing, penmanship and business—practice.

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Special Value in Glasses for New Year's Jo

A more useful present could not be bought than a SOLID GOLD frame, or a COLD FILLED frame Proper Glasses fitted after New Year's without extra charge . . .

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in laundry work is most impor-tant to those who value style and comfort. That is the class we cuter to. All goods finished

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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FOR BILLOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION Conts Purely Vogetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



MY HUSBAND . . .

ALWAYS BUYS MY Christmas Slippers

AT BLACHFORD'S They Sell the Best, You Know



No better Silk was ever made than that which bears this famous name. Easy to sew with,

too strong to break, evenly twisted, no knots, no kinks, no short measure. Its use for hand or machine sewing brings delight instead of despair.

CHEAP SILK IS DEAR AT ANY PRICE.

If your dealer does not keep "CORTICELLI" go to some other store. It will pay you to do so,

But he would find plenty of others to step into my place. I had only been employed out of charity. When I had neatly arranged the papers I had no longer an excuse for inaction. I must make up my mind exactly what to do with myself. Somehow I seemed always to be making up my mind what to do with myself; and as soon as the matter was settled Fate The Old-Age Habit.

I had promised him that never again

they had offered me no hope, after the

Complimentary.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

ou.-"Punch:"

step into my place. I had only been employed out of charity.

When I had neatly arranged the papers I had no longer an excuse for inaction. I must make up my mind exactly what to do with myself, Somehow I seemed always to be making up my mind what to do with myself, and as soon as the matter was settled Fate interfered to undo it all again. I had run away from Easel street; now I was going to run away from John Bourke, which meant leaving all that had become to me best worth living for.

Sure, I've had me bad times and me good times, like the rest of the world,"
Mrs. Mullaly went on, reflectively.
"But, glory be! before the bad times quite finished me the good times always came again—me always leaving the door ajar to let them In, d'ye mind?
"I'am older: I feel it generative. would I be a coward and seek to end my own life. I would not break the promise, and so my troublesome self had to be provided for; plans made by which my body was to be fed and clothed, just as if it were still of some

mind?
"I am older; I feel it sometimes in me poor back; but I'm not old. Whisper, darling, it ain't the years that go over; it's the heart that's inside that changes the faces of us.

clothed, just as if it were still of some importance.

There was Roger Cope, of course. I could really do the thing which in my letter to Mr. Bourke I had hinted at. Probably Roger's offer was still open, and if I took it I could rehabilitate myself in the eyes of the world, in case my acquaintance with the great "Labor Member" became known to others beside Lady Feo Ringwood. Yet, no! I could not bring myself to that.

"I am older; I feel it sometimes in me poor back; but I'm not old. Whisper, darling, it ain't the years that go over; it's the heart that's inside that changes the faces of us.

"Twas a cousin of mine that teached me the truth of it, this long ago. She begun to be old the day she was born, looking and acting twenty, 'twas a great help to her. But when she was twenty. 'I'm getting on!' says she.

beside Lady Feo Ringwood. Yet, no! I could not bring myself to that.

I thought of Mr. Westerley. But he liked Roger, and would advise me to act in a way contrary to my inclinations, if according to common sense. He was a dear old matchmaker, and with the best intentions in the world he would work to throw Roger Cope and me together. Therefore, Mr. Westerley was still out of the question.

My eyes, fell upon a newspaper lying on the desk. It had not been there, I knew, before Lady Feo came. She had, doubtless, brought it in and forgotten to take it away. I picked it up and turned to the advertising pages. I could not go back to any of the agencies I had visited while I lived in Easel street, for Mr. Bourke was probably right in his deductions. At all events, they had offered me no hope, after the first visits I paid them: but Roger had face of her. It did so! I mind when she was thirty about and me over twenty, we went together one day to a big new hotel to get work. A good worker was Katie. But the boss he looked us up and looked us down and asked his questions, and then says he, 'I'll give you a trial, my girl,' says he to me. 'But as for you,' he says to Katie, 'it's young, strong, lively women we want, says he, 'and I'm thinking you're after mistaking this for the Old Ladies' Home, which,' says he, 'is in the next block.'

woman-never, darling, until ye're will-

He—My people are bothering me to marry Miss Mayford. She—You'd be very lucky if you did. She is very clever and very beautiful He-Oh! I don't want to marry orains and beauty. I want to marry Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Heart Disease.

Ninety Per Cent. of ti Really Caused From

Real organic heart trouble is incurable, but scarcely one case in a hundred is organic.

The action of the heart and stomach



oroperly digest the food and it lies in he stomach fermenting gases are formed which distend the organ, causformed which distend the organ, caus-ing pressure on the heart and lungs, causing palpitation, irregularity and shortness of breath.

The danger from this condition is that the continued disturbance of the

heart sooner or later may cause real or-ganic heart trouble, and, in fact, fre-

quently does so.
Furthermore, poor digestion makes
the blood thin and watery and deficient
In red corpuscles, and this further irriates and weakens the heart.

on the food, digesting it perfectly and preventing acidity, gases, and the many diseased conditions which accompany weak stomach.
When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are

Your Grocer Handles It

and knows that it is reliable and always unvariable in flavor. He recommends it with pleasure.

Lead Packages

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

Curious Bits of News.

Tubes of glass made by lightning are often found in sand. The electricity passes into the ground and melts the silicious material, forming little pipes, the inside diameter of which represents the "bore" of the "thunderbolt." Such tubes measuring as much as twenty-seven feet in length have been discovered.

The beauties of the New York custom house regulations were again illustrated the other day when an English Freemason, who arrived with his jeweled regalia, was charged full duty on it, and fined for omitting to declare that he had his regalia with him. He had come to take part in a celebration of the order in the United States.

One of the most curious lawsuits ever tried in France has been occupying the attention of the courts. At the last election M. le Provost de Launay, a Royalist senator, desired to have an organ. He went to the editor of a local newspaper, and hired the front page for two months for a given sum. His Republican opponent thought the idea a good one, and hired the second page, so that the readers of the "Journal de Ferguier" were treated on the first page to a eulogy of monarchy and on the second page to praise of the repubthe second page to praise of the repub-lic. M. de Launay lost the election, and is now suing its editor for breach of contract in leasing the second page to his opponent.

President John I. Sabin of the Chicago Telephone Company has made a popular hit by installing movable phones in fashionable restaurants. You do not have to leave the table to enjoy this luxury. "Waiter, bring me a telephone," is the only order necessary to have a fully equipped long-distance phone at your elbow. By simply ordering a telephone a guest may be placed in communication with New York or Denver, or any other city served by the Chicago Telephone Company, without moving from the table at which dinner or luncheon is being pany, without moving from the table at which dinner or luncheon is being served. The new service is very sim-ple. What is termed a "telephone spring-jack" is adjusted to the wall near the table, and when the telephone is ordered the waiter brings the instrument, inserting a plug in the "spring-jack," perfecting direct connection with the main telephone exchange.

As tamers and keepers of animals dark men never succeed, states the Philadelphia "Record." Visits to zoos and to menageries show them to be invariably fair fellows, with yellow or brown hair and with blue eyes. "Thus, the "Colorical Carden in this city." at the Zoological Garden, in this city, there is not a keeper who is dark. John McMullen of the lion house has light hair, a yellow moustache and violet orbs. Lover, of the wolves and foxes, is still more markedly blond, and foxes, is still more markedly blond, and in the antelope house, the snake house and the small mammal house light colors still prevail. One of the most pronounced blonds at the Zoo was John Thompson, who is now in Honolulu making casts of fishes for a museum there. Thompson was one of the most successful keepers the Zoo has ever had. Not only snakes and turtles (his specialty), but lions, foxes, wolves, deer and many other animals took to him naturally, and he was never scratched or bitten."

"A good story comes from Sydney," says the London "Globe," "where letters have been received from two American business firms asking whether communications to Australian merchants should be written in English or The strict discipline maintained at the Coinchants should be written in English or in the language of the country. It was firm in Glasgow from a German manufacturer, also written in what his versatile clerk had apparently taken for the language of the country. It was in the best 'kaiiyard' style, and spoke of a 'muckle consignment o' chemicals.'"

The Color Cure.

Now it is the color cure, and medicine men are recommending that their depressed and nervous patients should wear nothing but garments of red. Mr. Ruskin went so far as to say that all the people he had known who were morally and physically sound loved

The strict discipline maintained at the Coinch men acquirity of self-reliance and command, as well system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquires of the system. As a result of it young men acquire to system. As a result of it young men acquires of the system. As a result of it young men acquires of the system. As a result of it young men acquires of telf-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handing their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastice, drills and out-door exercises of all kinds, and all ex 'in the language of the country.' It recalls an astonishing trade circular received a short time ago by a business firm in Glasgow from a German manufacturer, also written in what his versatile clerk had apparently taken for the language of the country. It was in the best 'kailyard' style, and spoke of a 'muckle consignment o' chemicals.'"

bright color; that the yellow hues of a canary were enlivening to behold, and that it was enough merely to see a huntsman in his "pink" to give you courage to take a ditch yourself."—"Ladies' Field."

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To be had at all hetels and dealers

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Royal



Military

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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact, it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Bandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive in addition to their military studies at thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering. (Vivil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thorough them for either a military or civil engineering. (Vivil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The trict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men accuire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-religing and command a result

Remember "It's always good."

If any porter is good for you Carling's is better than any other. The reason is that it is made from the best materials, in the best way, and is thoroughly matured before being placed on the market.

Every bottle is guaranteed to be absolutely pure and sound. Your dealer can supply you.

Carling

first visits I paid them; but Roger had certainly lost sight of me now, and he could not prejudice the minds of advertisers in the papers in case I should luckly discover one willing to try my The most sensible thing to do for heart trouble is to insure the digestion and assimilation of the food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective, digestive, presented. Home, which,' says he, 'Is in the next block.'
"'O-ho!' says I to meself at that. "'O-ho!' says I to meself at that.
'Am I going out to hunt for wrinkles and rheumatism before me own mother gets gray in her hair? No,' says I, and 'twas then I begun to toss me birthdays over me shoulder as fast as they came. They're all behind me, glory be! where I can't fall over thim. "Whisper, darling," Mrs. Mullaly added, impressively, "old age is a bad habit, like drinking, and if ye give way to it ye won't so easy break it off. Sure, there's a new year every twelve months, but that can't make ye an old woman—never, darling, until ye're willafter means or some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain the necessary digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form. But I could find nothing in the long But I could find nothing in the long lists of persons wanted which offered hope for me, and I was on the point of flinging the paper aside with an impatient sigh when my eyes happened to fall upon the "personal" column on the first personal. to fall upon the process the first page.

Then my heart gave a great bound and I snatched up the paper again.

(To be continued.)

A good pun is rather uncommon, but a joke that may be so described was made recently by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to whom some advocates of an Anglo-American alliance had appealed for an emblematic flower. Mr. Carnegle promptly suggested the dandelion, urging that the American "dandy," in the shrewd, Yankee, business sense of the term, joined with the British "lion," would result in a blossom which must

elements in a pleasant, convenient form. Thousands of people keep well and vigorous by keeping their digestion perfect by observing the rule of taking one or two of these tablets after each meal, or at least after each hearty meal. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain U. S. P. pepsin, diastase from mait and other natural digestives which act only on the feed digestives which act only

when stairts byspessa fablets are used you may know you are not taking into the system any strong medicine or powerful drug, but simply the natural digestive elements which every weak stomach lacks.

So widely known and popular have these tablets become that they are now sold by every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.



J TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. J

EDMUND E, SHEPPARD - - Editor SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, pub

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ing rates made known on application at the business office. THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETOR

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1902

One Year...

DRAMA THE

OBERT B. MANTELL is an actor who constantly hovers on the borderland of acknowledged great yet never seems able to definitely put period to his pilgrimage through the wilderne and cross over into the promised land. Mr.
Mantell has rare gifts, which he uses sometimes with telling force, but he has all the defects of his virtues, and unexpectedly his best work is marred by some exaggeration in manner, some unconscious distortion of perhaps admirable idea. Mr. Mantell, I think, is too anxious to take his audience into his inner confidence. places a low estimate on the intelligence of the play-going public; hence, he is sometimes fearfully and wearisomely

comedy in his hands

When Richard com-

munes aside with hi

sembles his inferna

cloak of love or re

ligion or loyalty, Mr.

funny; the peopl think he means to b

vious. He needs to be more subtle.

Take, for example, his "Richard the Third." In many respects it is a great creation, true to nature's self-if indeed there can be



funny, and they laugh. But does not. I think he only the hous ROBERT B. MANTELL. really mean to be funny? I think not. I think he only wants to make it perfectly clear to everybody in the hous that Richard is playing the hypocrite and does not at al feel the lofty sentiments or entertain the noble purposes that his tongue so glibly professes. I, for one, do no believe this point needs to be made clear to anybody Everyone understands it perfectly from the outset. the humor of the passages in question is much more sar-donic and in keeping with the hellish character of Richard if he is assumed to be entirely unconscious of the least But Mr. Mantell thinks otherwise thinks it is necessary to indicate plainly to the house tha Richard is 'ioxing.' Believing this, whether he believe or not that Richard was conscious of the grim humor the situations. Mr. Mantell must of necessity play the pas sages in a double spirit-one spirit towards the audie and another spirit towards the characters on the stage. He must practice such grimaces, smirks, sneers and leers as will certainly convey to the gallery that Richard is "putting up a job." And, as I have said, the result of this wretched obviousness is that a play farthest removed from comedy frequently descends into that region.

This is sufficient to indicate one line along which Mr

Mantell merits criticism. But there are many lines on which he deserves only praise. And whatever his defects are, he keeps pegging away with most admirable persistence at the classic drama, refusing to be seduced into the bidding for cheap notoriety on the basis of sensationalism. He carries with him this time a larger company and is giving more costly productions than usual. His repertoire for the week at the Grand has included two performances of "Richard III.." two of "Richelieu." one each of "Ham-"The Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet."

"In the Biograph" controlled the big type on the Shea bill this week, and proved to be a "moving" picture in more senses than two. It is a farce of the variety usually billed as "roaring," and is full of action and funny situations. Mr. Wilfred Clarke, who is responsible for the writing of the piece, appears as Dr. Mole, the principal char acter in the presentation, and the roars of laughter he drew from the audience were the best proof of his ability as comedian. The Tossing Austins opened up the bill with a splendid juggling act, which had just enough of the burlesque in it to keep the people amused. The xylophone solos of Miss Lillie Western are among the best things that come to Shea's. The acrobatic act of the nine Nelsons was much appreciated as ever; the part contributed by the children was specially good and well deserving of the ap-plause it received. The Quaker City Quartette, in their skit called "Fun in a Barber Shop." contributed twenty min-utes of good entertainment. The Baileys, colored enter-tainers; the two sisters O'Meers, tight wire specialists; and the World's Trio, were the other acts on a bill that was uniformly good throughout.

The Lulu Glaser Opera Company in "Dolly Varden' have had a successful second week at the Princess Theater.

and go from here to New York. Richie Ling, the leading tenor, as was previously announced, retired from the company at the end of last week, and pending the arrival of Albert Parr, the Canadian singer, who has resigned the post of leading tenor of the Bostonians to succeed Mr. Ling, an understudy, Edwin Baker, filled the role of Captain Harcourt with credit to himself.

Some one sends me a newspaper clipping from which I gather that there is something more than a mere probability of Harold Jarvis joining Frank L. Perley's opera company to sing in "The Fortune Teller." Mr. Jarvis is said to Mr. Jarvis is said to have received many tempting offers to go on the operatic stage, but up to the present has been proof against the most seductive.

Mrs. Scott Raff has gone to New York, where she will be heard in Shakespearean recital. Mrs. Scott Raff will visit the Women's Schools of Expression in Philadelphia, York, and Vassar College gymnasium, during the next three weeks.

Mrs. Fiske, in an interview in her husband's paper, the "Dramatic Mirror," says that the most trying of all her first nights was that of "Becky Sharp." "The only thing," says she, "that really succeeded in that initial performance was the melodramatic scene of the midnight supper-the one banal incident in the book, and the least valuable inci-dent of the play. The great value of Mr. Mitchell's dradent of the play. The great value of Mr. Mitchell's dra-matization lay in the brilliant comedy of the earlier acts and the enchanting humor of the last act. Therefore I am reference to the 'great scene' of 'Becky Sharp'—the scene referred to being the merely melodramatic situation at the end of the third act." It looks like a bit of cant for Mrs. Fiske to speak of the notorious scene with Lord Steyne as he one banal and least valuable incident in "Becky Sharp. Both dramatist and actress certainly placed their utmos stress upon this highly suggestive scene, without which the play would have been utterly inane. Its position in the third act, its strong coloring and the logic of the entire construction were evidently designed to make a sensation of the bargaining for a woman's virtue. Mrs. Fiske can surely not be honestly surprised that the public everywhere ook the scene at the valuation of herself and her dramatis s the chief thing in the play.

Santos-Dumont and Marconi are not the only fellow ho can spring unexpected marvels on the "twen cent' ublic. Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, whose name is de ightfully suggestive of charlatanry, but who is a staid pro-essor of psychology in Columbia University, revealed the ew miracle at a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society. He a single night while under the spell of hypnotic sugges on. He put the spell upon her himself, after she had ome to him a sufferer from stage fright at the very thres old of her career. Under the influence that he imparted to her "she appeared in a new play in a Broadway theater, under the management of one of the greatest managers in Her success was instant and remarkable he country." nterviewed after his statement, Dr. Quackenbos said with elerence to the case: "I applied principles that are not the tale. I applied principles and are not matterly new. As the time for her first night drew near the became attacked with stage fright, and her manager rought her to me as a last resort. In her case I studied ner part in the play, and, as near as it was possible for me to do so, saturated myself with its spirit. She was to risit me three times. She made two visits, and on each these occasions I put her into an hypnotic sleep, and while the was in this state I impressed upon her by the power of suggestion that she was actually the character that she was to portray. I filled her with the idea that she was superior to her surroundings, and brought out by sugges-tion every dramatic capability that had lain dormant within I impressed upon her that her acting throughout yould be consistent with her interpretation of the heroin of the play in which she was to take part, and would be sincere and natural in its tone. After two sleeps she became imbued with absolute confidence, and, refusing third treatment, went before the footlights a consummate mistress of her art. She was not in a trance the night she made her first appearance, and I was not even present in the theater, but the subliminal force in her being had been nade for the time the dominant force, and her self-con-sciousness was completely obliterated. That is all there in the treatment. The operator brings into activity the ormant psychic power in the subject. Hypnotic suggestion will not give a man knowledge, it simply enables him to comprehend things that he has known, but half forgotten will bring to his fingers' ends all the knowledge he has ver had, and inspires him with an overwhelming confidence n himself.

Beerbohm Tree is rehearsing Stephen Phillips' Homeric yy, "Ulysses," for production at Her Majesty's Theater, endon. LANCE.

"A Trip to Buffalo," the merry vaudeville extravaganza which ran fourteen consecutive weeks at the Academy iter in Buffalo, will be presented at the Grand House next week. The piece seems especially well adapted to meet the requisites of people with a liking for good, clean comedy, catchy music, handsome scenery, and beautiful costumes. It tells a connected story that is not burdensome with complicated plot and admits of the logical in-

troduction of a number of vaudeville acts. The music is by William Lorraine, composer of "Salome," composition now in great demand. The book is by Harry B. Marshall, author of a number of successful farces and comedies. The company is practically the same as furnished comedies. The company is practically the same as furnished the fun for crowded houses during the run in Buffalo and includes forty people, selected for special abilities in the parts assigned. The scenery and costumes are notably elab-orate, particularly in the third act, when the action takes place on the Pan-American Exposition grounds. The il-lumination and Midway scenes are faithfully produced and the act constitutes a moving review of the famed "avenue the act constitutes a mount of fun" of the Exposition.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, in the new play, "Her Lord and Master," will be the next offering at the Princess. "The Flaming Arrow" is to be the contemporary attraction at the Toronto. Shea's Theater next week will have Eugene Sandow, the strong man, as its headliner with many other features of a novel character.

In speaking editorially on "clean drama," a Milwaukee paper has paid a very flattering compliment to Herbert Keleey and Effie Shannon's new play, "Her Lord and Master," which is to be produced here next week. This editor writes that "'Her Lord and Master' is a fair example of the fact that a play may be written without the least touch of impropriety in language or suggestion, and yet please an audience. In this play there is no villain, no adventuress and no crime. The various situations which are developed hold the audience to closest attention, yet the play is clean from start to finish, besides carrying with it its moral and lesson in life without tediousness and preaching, showing that risque situations are not a necessity to a play and that wholesome life can be portrayed upon the stage with success." This is only one of many of the glowing compliments paid the new play, and coming as it does after a long line of dramatized novels, it should meet with the same success here that it has had elsewhere.

Cissy Loftus, who has been playing to E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King," will join Sir Henry Irving's company in the spring.

Notes From the Capital.

Dull Holiday Season Owing to Mild Weather .- Lord and Lady Minto's Christmas Guests.-Mr. C. E. Harriss' New Mass - Proposed Memorial to Lord Ava. - Christmas Arrivals and Departures.—An Engagement Announced.

HE Christmas season has been most uncommonly dull, and visitors to Ottawa must certainly think that as a city of gaiety this one has been over-rated. Even the children home for the holidays do not seem to have had quite as jolly a time as in other years, at least one hears of few large parties given for them. One given by Mrs. Fred Powell for her son, Master Guy French, on Friday night of last week was the most important dance in juvenile circles, and yet the guests at it umbered not more than sixty.

The only teas given last week in fashionable circles were teas on Thursday and Friday afternoons at the residence of Mr. Justice Burbidge, both in honor of his young married daughter, Mrs. Ormesby, who, with her husband, arrived on Christmas Eve from England, and spent Christmas with Judge and Mrs. Burbidge. The Thursday tea was a gathering of married ladies, but on the following day the girl friends of the bride were invited to meet her. On both occasions Mrs. Ormesby wore her white wedding gown. Mr. and Mrs. Ormesby left on Sunday last for their new home in St. Paul.

One reason for the dulness of a season that ought to e gay, is, no doubt, the mild weather. Since Christma omething very like a thaw has been in progress, and so the outdoor sports which in winter are always a large part of Ottawa gaiety, are impossible. Last Monday night was to

have been the formal opening of the Rideau Rink by an At Home given by the Countess of Minto. Cards had been out some time for it, but on Monday morning the ice was decidedly sloppy, and the party was called off uncertain, indeed, was the prospect of ever having winter again that no other night was appointed, and it is only "hoped" that the opening party may take place before the end of the

Lord and Lady Minto had a large house party for Christmas, and several more guests were with them for the Now visiting Ottawa. New Year festivities. At Government House, of course there is always some sort of festivity. Lieut.-Colone Kitson and Mrs. and Miss Kitson came up from Washing ton to spend Christmas at Government House. The stopped a few days in Kingston on their way, and were there the guests of Major and Mrs. Reade in the quarters they themselves formerly occupied at the Royal Military College. Mrs. Dodge of New York arrived the end of ast week at Government House. Miss Hall of Montrea was there from Saturday to Wednesday, and Hon. Lione Guest, second son of Lord Wimborne, joined the party in time for the coming in of the New Year. It is a trifle disappointing to invite people from England or the Southern States to Canada for a jolly Christmes and then to have

nothing to make it different from Christmas anywhere else.

The amusements have all to be of an indoorish nature. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harriss returned early this week from Buffalo, where at midnight mass, in Holy Angels' Church, the mass composed by Mr. Harriss was sung. Mr. Harriss directed the choir himself, and Ottawa people are all very pleased to hear such good accounts of this new composition. Steps are being taken to have the mass sung in one of the Ottawa churches, perhaps in the form of a sacred concert, when a collection would be taken up for some well-known charity. The Victorian Order, or rather the cottage hospitals of that order, and the Ottawa General Hospital (Roman Catholic) are mentioned. As yet, however, nothing has been settled definitely.

Miss Lilian Daintry, who was so seriously ill, has now recovered, and one often sees her out driving in the afternoons, looking very pretty, though still rather delicate. The doctors had not thought her sufficiently recovered to go, as she and her mother and sister had intended, to Co-bourg to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh, so she is still the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Harriss, at Earns-

Mrs. Stanley Maude returned a day or two before Christnas from California. Her cousin, Lady Adelaide Taylour, has returned with her, and is once more a guest at Ridean

A movement is on foot among the friends of the late Lord Ava, and they are many in Ottawa, to have a mural tablet erected to his memory in St. Bartholomew's Church. New Edinburgh. There is already in that pretty little church a tablet erected to the memory of Lord Ava's aunt. Mrs. Russell Stephenson, put up by his mother, the Marchioness of Dufferin. As a little boy Lord Ava sat in a large front pew of St. Bartholomew's Church, the pew which is always reserved for Government House-and the

tablet will overlook that pew. The unveiling ceremonies will be done by the Countess of Minto.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier got back at the beginning of the week from Arthabaskaville. Hon. C. H. Mackintosh was in town for Christmas, having arrived a day or two before from England. His good-looking daughters are still wearing black for their brother, who died about a year ago in South Africa, and so are missed from the larger forms of social gaiety. Miss Sybil Seymour of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Frank Clemow. Mrs. Westhead of Lacombe, N.W.T., arrived from England this week, and is the state of the guest of Sir the state of S Stopping over a few days in Ottawa as the guest of Sir Sandford Fleming. Miss Carrie Higginson of England is also Sir Sandford's guest. Mr. and Mrs. George Major of the Place Viger. Montreal, were the guests over Christmas of Sir James and Lady Grant. Miss Coffin of Montreal and her niece, Miss Pauline Carrier, came up to spend Christmas and New Year's with Mr. Coffin, manager of the Quebec Bank. Mr. Almon of Halifax, a cadet from the Royal Military College, is also spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Coffin. Mrs. W. E. Phillpotts is here from Kingston, but leaves the end of the week. Her husband man aged to get down just for Christmas day, and was welcomed by many old friends at a delightful afternoon tea on Christ mas, which is an annual affair at Mrs. Fred White's res dence. It is a party where young and old unite, and where the games and dances are of the good old-fashioned style in which real merriment prevails, and where everybody, no matter whether seven or twenty-seven, has a thorough good time. Miss Millie White, Lieut.-Colonel Fred White's sec-ond daughter, is a nurse in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, but she came up to Ottawa for the day, and so vas present at this party.

Several engagements have been announced in Ottawa since Christmas, and one of them is Miss Gwendoline Grant's engagement to Mr. Cassils of Montreal. Mr. Cassils is a son of Mr. John Cassils of Montreal.

AMARYLLIS.

Marconi at Ottawa

"Hov' ye heard." says Jerry Phalen To his son-in-law, Tim Whalen, Of the latest things that's happ'nin' at Ottawy, ye mind?"

"Naw," says Tim, "I hov'n't, truly-Hov' they knighted Mr. Dooley? Has Laurier sint fer Costigan, or Creme de Mint re-signed?"

"Aw g'wan!" says Jerry Phalen To his son-in-law, Tim Whalen: Ye're kiddin' me, ye spalpeen! Whisht! It's worse nor

that, me b'y. There's a fellow called Marcooney— He's a banshee, else he's luney!— With his kites an' divil's rubbish tiligraftin' through the skv.

Sure it's witchcraft-leastways tra-ason

To all common sinse or ra-ason. Why, ye'd call fer holy wather if he came a mile from you. But they've intertained the haythen
And hov' pledged their solemn faith in
His divilment—the Dago! Faugh! An English Dago, tool

'Now, whin Redmond hild his meetin's An' rayceived the cordial greetin's Of the Gover'mint at Ottawy, it made me owld heart swell.

But this Signur Maccaroni

To be blarneyed like a crony— It's an insult to the Irish, Tim, an' deadly sin as well." J. A. T.



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YLLIS.

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No. 7.

How the Casual Visitor is Impressed

BY "DON."

Rev. James L. Gordon.

N the Bond Street Congregational Church last Sunday night my friend and I were about to be satisfied with a pew under the gallery, to the left of the pulpit, when a gentleman who happened to be an usher and an old friend came over and rewarded our modesty by giving us a better seat in the tabernacle immediately in front of the reading-desk. The reading and church-going public of Toronto is too well acquainted with this "church of the stranger" to require any description of the bright auditorium where visitors are so numerous and the religiously homeless congregate in such numbers. The brave and enerhomeless congregate in such numbers. The brave and energetic band of workers who have always succeeded in making Bond Street so attractive have gone through enough vicis-situdes to have wearied and discouraged the majority of church managers.



REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

They are known, however, to be good judges of sermons, and have the reputation of not being satisfied with anything but the best-in point of popular attractiveness Even least. hymn-books. hymn-books, spe-cially prepared for the use of those at-tending the church, indicate a desire to please, are called Songs for the People, and are of the Moody and Sankey variety, well known in Sunday schools the emotionally religious and to those who sing lively hymns on Sunday night mainly for a-musement. The choir it seemed to me, had very little to do, the

large congregation pretty well attending to all the singing except the two solos, none of the words of the first of which did I catch except "Abide with me." while the latter, "O my Redeemer," was so evidently "Juanita" with a new set of words that my mind wandered with the latter song:

"Far o'er the mountains Softly falls the Southern moon; Soft o'er the fountains Breaks the day too soon."

When a stoutly built man in the prime of life and withcut anything clerical in the cut of his garments entered the
pulpit. I at once recognized that he was a practiced speaker,
thoroughly self-possessed and not at all airaid of his audience. His announcement of the hymns, his reading of the
numerous notices, and his prayer, displayed not only a
deep, pleasant voice, but a thorough though not obtrusive
knowledge of how to use it, and had I heard him speak at
a secular gathering I should have thought him a politician of note belonging to the other side of the
line. His frequent applications of his handkerchief to his
face indicated no nervousness, but rather a habit which suggested that he was either bored or was concentrating his face indicated no nervousness, but rather a habit which suggested that he was either bored or was concentrating his mind upon his approaching address. His reading of the 24th and 95th Psalms was unusually good, but it struck me that with his voice and knowledge of elocution both could have been read even better and have been made marvelously effective. Only those who have heard a selection from the I'salms carefully and elaborately given can appreciate the wonderful beauty and superlative grandeur of the exalted sentences. Not in one instance out of a thousand are they read, even by good readers, with the sometimes deliberate, sonorous or eestatic intonation so necessary to the complete exposition of their full beauty. The words of the Almighty to Joshua, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life" (Joshua i., 5), were given by the speaker as his text, and repeated by him again and again with a force and inflection singularly impressive, and, recurring as they did with great frequency, proved the power of a well-selected text in the mouth of an accomplished preacher. I do not recall any instance of greater text-ual force in a somewhat extended experience in listening to sermons

al force in a somewhat extended ual force in a somewhat extended experience in listening to sermons by a great variety of preachers. Even the triteness of the selection—for probably but few preachers have omitted this text from their repertoire—did not diminish the pleasure with which I listened to its artistic use. The brief sketch of Joshua's greatness as suddier, a leader of men and an administrator, was give

oldier, a leader of men and an administrator was given with a power that again suggested the politician, and the caker's able effort to analyze the great leader's character to the source of his strength reminded me of one of those liberate but fervid speeches that one often hears at a eat nominating convention in the neighboring Republic to not know that Mr. Gordon was ever a politician-in I know nothing of his history-but I am quite sure he would have made an exceedingly clever one.

He made the audience, as it were, enquire if it were not shua's great self-possession which gave him his power over the people, and in considering this point he made it mes to the one who has himself well in hand—a strength the way, which he, as a speaker, possesses in abundance this connection he spoke of Napoleon's fatal and fatal confidence in his destiny, and the steadiness with which was in the habit of posing while bullets rained thick ut him. I was not aware that great generals as a rule. Napoleon in particular, were in the habit of getting so ar the shot and shell, but it answered the purpose of an lustration, and was in fact the only one he used relating to war, not drawn from United States history. The sermon



afterwards did, as an illustration fell flat. Several references to "the war," meaning the conflict between the North and South, were inopportune because, to his hearers, it was not "the" war, but merely "a" war, and his use of the battle-cries "On to Richmond" and "On to Washington" was particularly inappropriate, as in our politics one of the leading parties was at one time accused of too much "looking to Washington." In a subject referring to battles, Mr. Gordon forgot that he was speaking to a British people ust now perhaps unduly excited by the war spirit of the empire, ignored our liking to hear ourselves spoken of, and omitted any reference in his illustrations to the conflicts



LANDMARKS OF TORONTO-No. I.

which are a part of newspaper reading and of what we conwhich are a part of newspaper reading and of what we consider our proud history. In an illustration referring to an epidemic he spoke of Sullivan County, New York I think it was, where "dip"-theria—thrice repeated—was prevalent—a disease the name of which, according to the dictionaries of this country, is pronounced dif-theria—and in referring to music used the regimental bands of the Northern army to point a moral. Even travelling theatrical companies coming to Toronto have learned by experience the prudence

of localizing their "gags" and topical songs and nationalizing their political references, and I have no doubt that the "paower" of his discourses would be increased if he showed this much consideration for our national prejudices. Possibly he might drop with profit to himself his slight but peculiarly Yankee pronunciation of such words as "paower" and "haour."



a note thanking me for, are about the only ones I have to make, for his sermon, though not strikingly original, was good in construction, material, purpose, delivery and effect. After considering the various attributes of a great leader, such as wisdom, courage, strength, the power to make and to adhere to a plan, and finding nothing among them that has ever made any leader of whom it could be said "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life," he pointed out that God's presence and help alone had been able to make him so invincible, and it was because God had said "As I was with Moses so I will be with thee" that Joshua was so great. This brought to the front the advertised title of the sermon. "The Secret Out." a poor one it seems to me, for surely it was no new discovery; for generations it has been no secret to churchgoing people that God's help alone is able to make us to stand and to keep us from falling. If the speaker's rhetorical skill in the use of his text throughout his discourse was great, so also was the climax, in which he introduced that other grand and much-used passage. Joshua xxiv., 15 "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the

the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." As I came away the force and ppropriateness of the sermon remained with me, and thought of his reference to the end of the year, the retrospect the resolutions of the season and his solemn and vibrant tones. "Choose you this day

whom ye will serve." Again I felt I had been well preached to. Neither advice nor warning nor the invitation of the Gospel message had been omitted, and the faces of the listening audience lingered with me as if the others had also paused for a moment to think if they might not profitably declare, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

DON.

Financial Failure of the Buffalo Fake.

HE magnitude of the failure of the Pan-American Ex position is now commencing to be understood outside of Buffalo, and as the facts leak out it becomes painevident that the Tin-Pan, like so many enterprises of its kind, has left a haunting ghost that will not down. Shortly after the close of the show of November 1st, it was found that the deficit amounted to \$2,000,000. principal asset of the company consisted of the buildings and for these a Chicago house-wrecking company offered \$93,000, which bid was accepted. Before the wrecking company could begin the work of demolition, a large number of contractors and other creditors, who had long in vain for their money, filed liens upon the buildings. The wrecking company therefore refused to carry out the terms of its contract. There is in addition a first mortgage indebtedness upon the buildings of \$174.079, and a second mortgage indebtedness of \$500,000. This money was nearly all advanced by wealthy citizens of Buffalo, who had been prepared to sacrifice their claims, but were so incensed at the conduct of the contractors and other creditors in blocking the sale of the wreckage, that they threatened to foreclose the mortgages and put the buildings under the hammer, when much less would be realized than was offered by the Chicago company. A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" asserts that those who backed the enterprise with their cash are cursing the day the idea was born. Meanwhile a delegation of Buffalo's first citi-zens has been knocking at the doors of Congress for a donation of \$1,000,000 to help square away th deficit—an appeal that is meeting with stubborn oppositio

from the West and South. The Sheriff of Erie County. with a large force of deputies, has been in possession of the "Rainbow City," medals, etc., have not been handed out, and the end is not yet.

The Norfolk Jacket's Return to Favor.

TCCORDING to the New York "Sun," the Norfolk jacket for men is working back into popular favor by way of the golf links, and as fashions move in cycles, possibly another year or two may restore this style of coat to the general use and abuse of it which marked its introduction more than fifteen years ago. As a modifical form of the shooting coat it he least hear peoples. fied form of the shooting coat it has long been popular in England, and it was taken up here when tennis first began to boom and the players wore knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets. The coat was a novelty, and within two or three years men who follow the fashions in these matters, and who did not wear a Norfolk jacket, either with trousers or knickerbockers, were rare. It was even constructed of goods suitable only for more formal dress, and it was worn on all sorts of occasions until it became so common that it lost favor. It was simply worn to a finish, and in recent years very few such coats have been worn, even with bicycle suits. Some of the crack golf players have been wearing Norfolk jackets, and during this past summer an occasional man would appear in one in the down-cown district of New York. These "occasional" men are usually the forerunners of the crowd, and we are likely to have another season or two of Norfolk jackets, without regard to their particular use.

Caught Napping.

LAS! how slight a thing is fame, when a renowned writer's publishers, in announcing a new work from his pen, can make the most egregious blunder in the matter of his position in the literary and scholastic world. In "Harper's Weekly" of recent date appeared a full-page advertisement of a book to be issued by the great publishing house of Harper Brothers and Company. Professor Goldwin Smith is one of the contributors, and the advertisement stated under an antiquated portrait, representing him as he was a generation ago, that "Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of History at the University of Toronto, writes on free thought." Now it may be news to the learned editor of the Harper publications that Mr. Goldwin Smith, though a citizen of Toronto, does not occupy a chair in the University of Toronto, nor ever did so. This is a case of stupid but quite amusing blundering in a simple but significant matter of detail.

Shocking Depravity.

I N her childhood. Harriet Beecher Stowe was firmly convinced that the most daring, reckless and frightful thing she could do would be to say "damn." She became so possessed and haunted with the dread of the unknown terrors that would overwhelm a little girl who dared to utter that awiul word, that at last she could endure the fascination of the terror no longer, and she went to her room, locked herself in, climbed into the middle of the feather bed, lay still, shut her eyes, opened her moutl and said the wicked word. Then, according to her own account, she lay and waited in an agony of terror for what was to befall her. Her least expectation was that the ceiling would lall down. She waited and waited and waited Nothing happened, and at last the monotony of the situation tired her and she got off the bed a very disappointed ittle madcap girl.

The Wreck of Faith.

The Bishop of Zululand tells a dramatic little tale of the men of — (a Boer village in South Africa). The whole village was abandoned; at the last minute, when all was ready, the young men fired their rifles at the cross upon their church in token of their bitter thought that God had forsaken them Bred up in the straitest sect of Calvinism, the Boers have hundreds of them (says the Bishop), been filled with the deepest conviction that the Almighty was on their side and that they were therefore bound to win. The deeper their convictions and the firmer their faith, so much the more complete must needs be the wreck of their belie when they realize their defeat. Obviously, the need of th rising generation of Boers will be a faith that does not depend for its vitality upon getting all you want just in the

"Les Sportmans."

If France has given England the vocabulary of cooking, England has given France the vocabulary of sport. Looking through "Le Velo," I came across in one number: "le record-man," "l'overhand stroke," "le boxe," "le cross-country," "les sportmans," "le touristman," "le handicap," "le jockey," "le yacht," "le sweepstakes."—The "Traveller" Traveller.

The "Vocal Physiologist" says that "more money is thrown away on the education of the human voice than or the support of government. Of every 10,000 voices one may be listened to without pain; of every 100,000 voices one may be listened to with patience; of every 1.000,000 voices one may be listened to with satisfaction; of every 10,000,000 voices one may be listened to with sensations

Papers That "Stand Clear."

HE Ripley "Express" lately announced its determination to "keep clear of party politics," and the Kincardine "Review" rises up to say that this "is a very wise thing for a newspaper to do that has a field all to itself."

a field all to itself."

Why is it a very wise thing? Is there nothing in party politics as we find them in Canada, calling for bold convictions and the bold statement of convictions? Is the course proposed by the Ripley "Express" and followed by

course proposed by the Ripley "Express" and followed by hundreds of country newspapers wise, merely because it is a weak way of dodging a duty that might sometimes become unpleasant, might sometimes involve misunderstanding, unpopularity and loss, and might conceivably lead under imaginable circumstances to the dividing of a field that the paper has hitherto enjoyed "all to itself?"

There are party politics in a narrow sense. From these the small rural weekly that caters to a mixed constituency is not only wise, but bound, to keep clear. But there are politics—"party politics" if you will—in a broader sense. There are questions of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of truth and untruth, calling for courageous discussion by informed and thinking minds such as the editors of newspapers are invariably regarded as having. cussion by informed and thinking minds such as the editors of newspapers are invariably regarded as having.

Party politics of the mean, bigoted, contracted and demoralizing sort are not only bad for the country newspaper,
but bad for everyone. Politics of the other kind are a
part of the free citizen's duty; a part of the free newspaper's highest privilege and function.

The city press is often charged with being venal. There
are city newspapers whose editorial policy is dictated too.

The city press is often charged with being venal. There are city newspapers whose editorial policy is dictated too largely from the business office. But the city newspaper that advocates a particular policy, with its eye on a fat advertising contract, is not more venal than its little rural contemporary that is always colorless and emasculated because it fears to offend a vague Somebody in its constituency. The excuse of both is that they "cannot afford to antagonize So-and-so." No more wretched lie was ever spoken. Every man can always afford to do right and to speak the truth, without regard to the cost. No one can afford to do injustice or make a lie, let the immediate reward be what it may.

reward be what it may.

If the press is frequently sneered at and generally dis-If the press is frequently sneered at and generally distrusted by a great many people, the fault is as much with the rural paper that "keeps clear of party politics" and everything else of debatable character, as it is with the rare city paper whose opinions are actually for sale to the highest bidder. It will generally be found that the country weekly that "keeps clear of party politics" also keeps clear of all matters, local or otherwise, where it might be dangerous to have opinions. Large success is not won in this way. The really progressive and prosperous papers everywhere, in country places as well as in large centers of population, are those that have an individuality, that honestly stand for something, even though it be a fallace. estly stand for something, even though it be a fallacy.

LANCE.

"Thou Shalt Not Marry."

"Thou Shalt Not Marry."

If a bill which is being offered in the Austrian Reichsrath becomes law, persons who desire to marry must submit to medical examination to ascertain whether their state of health gives them the right to be wedded or to become parents. A young couple under such circumstances would as definitely require medical certificates as birth certificates or licenses, and it would be as illegal for anyone to conduct wedding formalities in the absence of this evidence of good health. Why not? The isolation of those with contagious diseases is comparatively a new system which works greatly in favor of public health. True, it is the cause of considerable hardship and loneliness, but it is so evidently for the public good that people who at first rebelled, now yield as a matter of course, and demand of others a strict compliance with the law. That people physically unfit to marry should be isolated is a natural outcome of paternal government, and it is certainly everybody's business to prevent the propagation of the physically unfit, for such offspring becomes either directly or indirectly a burden of the whole people. There is, of course, a very serious objection to this theoretically proper enactment—the difficulty of enforcing it. It will not be so difficult to prevent them from propagating the race without the formality of a marriage. The whole tendency of civilized countries has been to simplify and cheapen the formalities of marriage, and a large reduction in illegitimate births has been the result. If a man or a woman is forized countries has been to simplify and cheapen the formalities of marriage, and a large reduction in illegitimate births has been the result. If a man or a woman is forbidden to marry because physically disqualified, it may eventuate in contagion or degeneration being introduced into several families instead of being confined to one. It would be impossible to isolate the physically unfit behind bolts and bars, and when we come to examine the possibilities the project does not look as alluring as at first glance. To isolate one actually diseased when sick nigh unto death is an easy task compared with watching or restraining people who are tainted but not apparently ill. Like prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is a means of submitting the sober as well as the drunken to an arbitrary restraint, I am afraid the prohibition of matrimony in the case of the I am afraid the prohibition of matrimony in the case of the unfit would be too much like legislating against the laws of nature, even if nature in this instance be degenerate of

The obliging clerk had taken down piece after piece of goods, until he could hardly see over the pile on the counter. "I don't care to purchase to-day," remarked the shopper, "as she turned away: "I was only looking for a friend." "There is one more piece on the shelf, madam," said the clerk: "your friend may be behind that."



Miss Short—Isn't my name an absurd misfit, Mr. Long.
Mr. Long (thoughtlessly)—Yes, rather. If you could have
mine it would be all right, wouldn't ft
Miss Short—Oh, Mr. Long, this is so sudden!—"Punch."

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tion from any R.R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. Toronto.

Mark Twain tells a story of a man Mark Twain tells a story of a man who received a telegram telling him that his mother-in-law had died, and asking: "Shall we embalm, bury, or cremate her?" Twain says he wired back: "Yes, and if these fail, try dis-

A clergyman, visiting a house where A clergyman, visiting a nouse where an infant was dying in convulsions, remarked to the aged nurse that it was too bad to see a baby in such pain. "Ah, sir," replied the pious woman, "it says in the Good Book, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and I tell you they do suffer."

When General Sheridan was camping on the lower Mississippi, his negro boy, Harry, was one day asked by a friend whether the general was not terribly annoyed by the mosquitoes. "No, sah," said Harry: "in the evenin' Marsa's so 'toxicated he don't mind the skeeters an' in the mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated they don't mind Marsa."

When Sidney Smith was rector of a when Staney Smith was rector of parish in Yorkshire he found his vestry were discussing the propriety of paving the approach to the church with wooden blocks. There was a good deal of perturbation over ways and means however. "Gentlemen," said the witty rector, "I think if you will all put you



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heads together, as the saying is, the thing can be accomplished without much difficulty."

A Scottish member of Parliament, in an address to his constituents, assured his hearers that he was not an idle member of the House, and that during the last two years he had put no less than one hundred and eighty-two questions. tions to the speaker and the members of the government. "What an ignorant auld beggar ye must be!" cried a voice from the crowd.

The revival'st, "Sam" Jones, was once The revival st, Sain Johes, was once taking women to task for spending more time in prinking than in praying. "If there's a woman here," he screamed, finally, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up." One than she prinks, let her stand up." One poor old, faded specimen of femininity, in the sorriest, shabblest of clothes, arose. "You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in. The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time, prinked not at all. "You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."

While passing Cherbourg, en route from South Africa to London, Cecil Rhodes observed several vessels of the French Channel Squadron drawn up in line to salute the ex-Empress Eugenie's yacht. The Frenchmen, who were spread out on the yards of their vessels, shouted "Vive l'Imperatrice!" The captain of French the vessel on which Rhodes was a passenger, wishing to show his respect to the empress, got his men ready to salute, but in the short time at his disposal he could not school his crew to repeat the French words. "Tell them repeat the French words. "Tell them to say 'beef, lemons and cheese,' " suggested Rhodes, playfully, and, to his utter amazement, the yacht was greeted with a deafening yell of "beef, lemons and cheese!" which entirely drowned the voices of the French sailors. The ex-empress is stated to have expressed great pleasure at the compliment afterward.

The Road to Glory.

Fashionable Comfort. How do You End Your Letters?

AY your road be smooth to glory," said the Irish-woman to whom "Christ-mas" came by my hands, But I would none of her wish. Who wants th

road smooth to glory, or anywhere else? If all the roads of life wer-smooth I for one should immediately take to the woods. Let the road b ometimes rough, good Sister Fate. Le us have the switchbacks of excitemen apprehension or fright once in a while even, and the bumps of conflict and the good thick, sticky mud of difficulties, and the steep hill of hard work. And we might once in a year or so come to we might once in a year or so come to a slippery spot and sit down with a thump, just to teach us to go more carefully. This sort of travel makes life interesting eternally, wakes our pow-ers into active service, develops our strength, tries our mettle and gives us chat pride of conquest or salutary touch of defeat which shows us our-selves, often a sight we badly need. No road was ever "smooth" to glory since the world began.

I think the woman of the new cen tury might be nick-named the "Com-fortable" woman. Look at her shoes for instance. When one goes in to buy shoes these days for outdoor wear the salesman hauls out little sand-scows of eather, with outworks of thick sole and a shape so sensibly like the one Nature chose for feet that the fashion-able woman is dismayed. "Wear those things? Oh, never!" she cries, curling things? Oh, never!" she cries, curling up her silken-clad big toe in disgust The salesman repeats his ultimatum. This is the shoe of the season. Noth ng else is worn!" And he puts it of the disgusted toes and laces and but ons it up, and one is anchored in ea of leather with base so wide tha the only possible way one could be ipped over is backward. Then Madam wades off in her boots to the "corsetere," who exhibits a child's stays and says: "Straight front corset, madam nothing else is worn." And she fits or as she essays to fasten her tight bodice over it. "But I can't wear my dress over this thing," she protests. And the corsetiere smiles in a superior manner, and does up a couple of the hooks un-der protest (especially the hooks) murmuring that of course the dress must be altered to the "correct figure," and of course it is. Then the woman, working upward to comfort and health, takes herself off to her hairdresser. "The low coiffure is the only proper way of arranging the hair. Fortunately it admirably suits madame. The classic style doesn't suit any face but a strikingly individual one," murmurs the frisseur, as he pitches the pompadour pad carelessly aside, and proceeds to coil up one's tail in a basket of apparently unstudied plaits. And without horsehair cushions or tight bodiese or nipping footwear, what woman can be nipping footwear, what woman can be ess than comfortable? I am quite sur less than comfortable? I am quite sure that the restrictions of fashion in head, foot and middle have more to do with the wrongs and rights of woman than any man who ever looked scorn on fe-male franchise. If I had ever seen Su-san B. Anthony in a pompadour, a tight corset or a high-heeled shoe she would never have impressed me in the least.

"How do you finish your letters?" asked a woman just now. "Not you signature, goosie, but what might be called your sentiment. I think it's rath an indication of character nakes me a bit weary to find persons entrapping confessions of inwar-trength of weakness in this way, but of course I naturally began to think of course I naturally began to think what was in it. "Yours cordially" came smiling at the end of a note straight from the bountiful heart of a big, generous Southern woman. Doesn't "Yours, etc.," shrink your flannels? "Yours truly" means nothing at all, for it is accepted as a formalism, though you may thrill a scrap of life into it by inversion and be "truly yours" with more effect. "Yours sincerely" or "lovingly," or, as my brown-eyed girl-love puts it, as my brown-eyed girl-love puts "devotedly," or as the doctor across the sea says, "to a cinder," or as the frier of my heart writes, "with affectiona remembrance," each are confessions the tone of the writer. There are leters I can not finish without "you gratefully," so old-fashioned I am some ways. But generally, I find of



A Lady Caller—Is your mamma in? Bobby—No, ma'm. Don't you see pop smoking in the parlor?

consideration that I, as well as others have my favorite word to leave with my general correspondence. It's none of those quoted. I think I like it because it expresses personal loyalty, the quality most esteemed by me in a man or woman, a reminder which cannot come too often to any of us.

Every year about this time the cry goes up for something to take the place of the usual fashionable entertainments known as "teas" and "card-parties." Every season women think they will get up a small diversion from the beaten track. Sometimes they take a lot of trouble with a special feature. Society arrives, glances, sniffs, criticizes airly and proceeds to gabble. If the attraction be music, one had need to be armed with a bludgeon and stun some of the talkers before the solo or the song begins, to allow the others to lis-ten. If it be any expensive and dainty novelty in decoration the newspapers get hold of it beforehand and everyone is blase of it in consequence; if it be a souvenir, it is received with tolerant amusement and in spiteful quarters with derision. So much for the effort with derision. So much for the efforts to vary the monotony of the afternoon tea, at once the crudest and most abused as well as most popular way of herding one's social circle. As for the card parties, with their prizes, continual nerve-trying noise and unrest, their good players and their poor players, and the general mixum gatherum of progression, their suppers eaten at fiv clock tea hour, and their generally tring and upsetting results, no one has a defence of their existence. Love of the game is killed by the chances of a partner who either cheats to gain points or knows nothing of the rules points or knows nothing of the rules of play, and the latter, poor mortal! sometimes gets black looks when mated with a crack player on the road to the prize score. With all these dis-advantages the two forms of entertainnent continue to be the popular means of spending afternoon hours, and the fashionable world awaits a deliverer. The craze for ping-pong is unfortunately only able to satisfy a small part of the crowd which demands amusement and interest in lieu of discomfort and trying racket. We have not arrived at the stage when a lecturer of ever so brilliant a quality could interest three hundred or so of women, dressed to the limit and excited by meeting others more or less resplendent. The parlor magic which was a fad in England doesn't seem to amuse Canadians. There seems to be no relief possible from the orthodox affair, a hostess tied to the door-jamb, shaking, shaking, gasping compliments, smiling unceasingly, working to the edge of collapse, and the unceasing shout of weird and wonderful nomenclature, the racket of the violins and flutes, the solid ranks of panting women wedged in the "tea-room," risking all sorts of discomfort and injury to pretty garments to criti-cize the arrangement and decoration of the tea-table, or capture a "cafe par-fait." which is borne to them by a struggling belle who has agreed to sev-eral hours' hard labor as "assistant." Isn't this just a truthful and sane account of nine out of ten of the large 'teas' one goes to? I love teas myself, but I never go after "cafe parfaits" until the last thing, nor do I squeeze the hostess's hand, nor often bore her by fighting my way back to say goodbye and have her say effusively, "Glad to see you. How late you are! Busy life," as she is sure to do, poont weary, addled lady! It is possible, sometimes, o get a quiet corner and a quiet talk, even at a tea, but it takes a strong will and inflexible purpose, and indeed is, after all, a good exercise for several strategic talents, which might other-wise go to waste. Ah! by the way, A

Happy New Year to you!

Women's Rights in Norway.

The women in Norway have gained another victory. For many years they have been waging war against the use of the word "obey" in the marriage service of the Norwegian church. Their labors have at length been crowned with partial success. The Parliament in Christiania has ruled that the use of the obnoxious word shall henceforth not be obligatory upon the bride, but only optional. The bride is to be free either to say that she will be "fightful or to say that she will be "faithful or obedient," or simply to say that she will be "faithful," as she prefers.

No Joy in This Family.

The Dyspeptic is generally very cross and irritable. It is impossible to be happy or make others happy when distressed and worried by the pains of indigestion. The Dyspeptic's family is seldom a happy one, for when the one who should lead the others in all merry-making is nursing a pain which racks his body and irritates his brain it is very difficult to get up much enthusiasm.

And there is no reason why this should not be forever banished and at once, for Dyspepsia can be presently relieved and permanently cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many who have been cured of Dys nsia Sour Stomach Hearthurn Bloating by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have given their testimony. This evi-dence multiplies as time goes on.

erous in your views. I should fancy you one impatient of metes and bounds and requiring a good deal of thought leeway, so to speak. While there is affection shown, there is also a curious and cruel hardness. You have force and clear-sightedness, and by your birth influences, so far as I can judge from your meagre information, you are liable, if kept free from the emotional plane, to go on unswerving to your goal. You are the best judge, from your own record, how this remark will fit. Cumulative purpose and effort is one of your strong and weak points. Do not despise the little things of life, its graces, duties and pleasures. Your study is a trifle overbearing at times, but then you aren't a Sissy man! There are some trifling points that make me wonder if a man at all? At Milford, Ont., lives Mr. A. D. Miller, who for years suffered untold pain through Dyspepsia. His physician treated him for Liver Complaint and he grew worse. He would bloat up ter-ribly after eating; his appetite was capricious, sometimes couldn't eat at all, at others ravenously hungry; his heart suffered also, palpitation being so bad that he could not sleep at night. He was so run down that he was hardable to get around. at all?

Matinee Girl.—Your letter with no beginning and eight pages of vulgar rubbish has been received. I wonder why you wrote it? Marry them all, if you can get them, and be "took up," and take twenty years for aggravated bigamy, but don't ask me to read any more such effusions. Neither coupon nor first page of your letter was to be found, which lets me out of the job of telling you some rough things.

Awassegeshegous.—Me too: my name Awassegeshegous.—Me too: my name

ly able to get around.

He commenced a treatment of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and soon began to improve. He says:

"After using two boxes I was well and felt like a new man, and I have had good health ever since."

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have changed many a miserable victim of stomach troubles into a healthy happy man or woman, and the best of it all is which lets me out of the job of telling you some rough things.

Awasegeshegoqua.—Me, too; my name means "She who loves"—just as pretty as yours, which you say means "Beyond the skies." That's too remote for me, my friend. I like mine the better. Yes, beyond the skies and down here, too, love is victorious. Our Indian god-fathers were good to us! They might so easily have gotten off "Woman who waddles like a duck," or "Old maid who scares the men," upon us, and we'd never have discovered the joke. The reason I got mine was because the chief's daughter was once rather snubbed at college and I, having certain notions, pitched into her detractors and informed them that Queen Viotoria would receive whe little Indian Princess while they would be turned off her doorstep. It was a funny, childish speech, but it had an effect. Years after, her father called me by the sweet Indian name with the above signification. Your wriding is adaptable and hopeful, practical and full of suggestion. Decided talent and a good deal of quiet dignity of character are shown in it. You have a hundred generous impulses and decided sympathy and refinement of nature, with a certain tenacity, making it difficult to change and influence you. Very conscientious work should be done by you, but you are not showy nor desirous of recognition and display. A generous, not very logical, but very forcible young lady!

R.A.G.—You comical youngster! Live long! Of course you will. It is only man or woman, and the best of it all is that once cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets means permanently cured.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphol-gical study sent in. The Editor re-quests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, includ-ing several capital litters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circums ances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-tions, scra 3 or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Enclosures suless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Irish.—What a lovely old gossip we had together! When I opened your letter I felt faint at its size, but as I read on, and met the frank girl-heart opening its little sanctums to me, I loyed you, Irish, as one loves the little violet and the opening rosebud and all things sweet and young! You are in the second stage of growth, my woman. You know how they go, animal, emotional, intellectual, spiritual. In you the indications are upward; may you, soon as is healthy, reach the purest atmosphere of all. I agree with you about the violinist; he's an artist—"au bout des ougles"—and a very nice modest chap, too! Scott hasn't my heart, but Dickens I always Joved. 2. Your writing shows power and liking for it, ambition, buoyancy, and tenacity, discretion and thought; good sequence of ideas, a little crudeness and impatience, and rather a liking for "pose." You would take great satisfaction in praise and approval, and indulge freely in expression. I am afraid you are a trifle exacting and disposed to criticize over-keenly. There is a healthy energy also. You must learn to value the criticisms of others as much as you do your own: in short, you must grow older, and you'll be just more of a dear than ever. You are at present very, very egotistic, as you have a perfect right to be, seeing life and your own impressions for the Khailand of the cachro.—You are an easy-going, some-what speculative, adaptable and very

labor as "assistant." for it ambition, buowancy, and tenucity truthful and same act of ten of the large of ideas, a little crudeness and impact of ideas, and a little crudeness and analytic of ideas, and a little crudeness and analytic of its little crudeness and analytic of its little crudeness and a



Little Binks (in an audible whisper)—Do I look quite right, old man ?—" Pall Mall Magazine."

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logical, but very forcible young lady:

R.A.G.—You comical youngster! Live
long! Of course you will. It is only
the good who die young. As to your
writing, it's not bad, but not very developed for eighteen years of age. As
to the silly talk about big mouths and
generosity, big noses and brains, and
big ears and courage—prithee, accord me
repose! which is Shakespearean for
"Give us a rest." It's all too much
for me.

Frances—Have you drawn that long



a sign to analysis, anyway. You are masterful, eager for commendation, fond of a foremost place, a triffe insincere even to yourself. Take care, lassie! You dislike demonstrative people, but adore brains and brightness; can adapt yourself to the inevitable, but are not always as hopeful as you might be. Curb your critical turn. It will not only blur your best outlook, but may render you a carper. This is such a good study in many ways. It should succeed. Why Not Have a

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The Books and Their Makers.

Books and Their Makers.

I book which will interest all photographers, both amateur and professional, is "Photograms of the Year," published by Dawbarn & Ward, London, Eng. It is a pictorial and literary record of the best photographic work of the year, compiled by the editor and staff of "The Photogram." The first of this series was issued in 1895, and it has appeared regularly each year since. This year's volume contains a series of beautifully illustrated articles on the photography of France, Germany, Aus-

Not content with writing novels, lec-turing at Edinburgh, and occasionally indulging in a war of words with a brother author or a critic, she has now celebrated the advent of Christmas by (senting, "Christmas Gracting," in the

she is one in a combat against so many

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has

aris. Frances Hotgson Burnett has exp unded her amusing little story, "The Making of a Marchioness," into a novel which deals partly with the married life of that gentle and attractive lady The addition which Mrs. Burnett has furnished is somewhat melodramatic.

The next heirs to the Marquis's estates enter into a diabolical plot against hei life, and the winsome Emily is for some time in grave danger. Of course, all

Edward Bok is authority for the statement that Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" has in various ways realized about \$485,000 for the families

of British soldiers who have fought in South Africa. If this be true, his poetry brought something more than \$10,-000 a line, or approximately \$1,000 a word, which certainly establishes a new second.

Mary Lord Harrison has compiled a volume containing the addresses and writings of Benjamin Harrison subse-quent to the close of his administra-tion, entitled "Views of an ex-Presi-

dent." There are two-score papers in the book, which deal with widely di-versified topics — education, religion, coinage and expansion. It also con-tains the series of six lectures on the Constitution of the United States, its

history and development, which were delivered at Stanford University in

"Prince Reckless," by Arthur Grissom, is the leading story in the January or Christmas number of "The Smart Set." This is the first novelette of a purely romantic character that this magazine has published. The story proceeds rapidly from start to finish, and deals with the infatuation of a young European prince for a beautiful American girl; with his desperate adventures in pursuit of her, his mysterious disappearance, and the crime of his equerry. The story has all the elements that go to make popular fiction.

The "Cosmopolitan" for Christmas sustains Mr. John Brisben Walker's reputation as the publisher of the most conservative and literary ten-cent monthly magazine in America. Gustav

on Helleu's etchings of beautiful wo-men. C. D. Hess in a delightfully re-miniscent strain and with many pho-tographs that bring back the homely

fashions of twenty-five or thirty years ago, treats of early opera in America. Bret Harte, whose charm is peremilal, whether in dealing with the rough-and-

ready life of the gold camp or with po-lite society, contributes a "modern-an-tique, realistic romance," entitled "The Adventures of John Longbowe, Yeo-man." Other short stories are "A New Christmas Carol," by W. Pett Ridge

contributes an illustrated article



By W. J. Watson.

tralia, and the United States by men thoroughly conversant with the photographic conditions in each of those countries. A general review of the photographic work of the year is made and comment passed on the marked advance in pictorial photography and the influence on British workers of the visit of the "American" photographer, Mr. F. Holland Day, and his exhibit of photographic Yankee camera specialists. The three greatest exhibitions held in Britain last year were the exhibit at the Glasgow Exhibition, the photographic Salon and the Royal. Each of these is fully commented upon and some good criticisms passed on the most prominent of the works exhibited. Toronto is represented by four membr. J. Fraser Bryce, in the professional to the content with writing novels, lecturing at Edinburgh, and occasionally induging in a war of words with a brother author or a critic, she has now r. J. Fraser Bryce, in the professional ass, and Messrs. W. J. Watson, J. E.



BOY WITH A BOOK. By J. E. Greene.

the and J. A. Hodgins among the ateurs. The cuts of Mr. Watson's i Mr. Greene's work used in these unms are from the book, and serve show the style of reproduction given photos in this very excellent work.

A Western journal, the "Independent" of Kansas City, has been trying to establish the thesis that in writing to attend, recently brought out by the madian Engraving and Lithograph ompany, with illustrations by A. G. wey. Miss Barry has a sommolent grary style, and a conventionally crary style, and a conventionally coral point of view that is never jarlish. The book is a safe one to be used in the hands of persons who are to be inspired with pleasant if not deep thinking on social and spir

er Cromwell is presented in a kindly light than usual in "The Whelp," Amelia E. Barr's new ol. Novelists generally represent as opposed to the cavaliers of ries Stuart, a narrow, bigoted



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and "Mrs. Evans' Last Sensation," by Francis Willing Wharton. Richard Le Gallienne, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Vance Thompson, the younger Boyesen, Thomas A. Janvier, Julien Gordon and the editor are also amongst the con-tributors to the Christmas "Cosmo-politan,"

The new "Canadian Almanac" (Copp. Clark Company), contains a full ac-count of the census of Canada so far as issued, giving the figures of the population of all the districts in the various provinces of the Dominion, and various provinces of the Dominion, and also the principal cities as compared with 1891. The census of Great Britain is also published, giving the population of the counties of England, Ireland. Scotland and Wales, and also the principal cities and towns. The other departments of the almanac are revised and brach bracht at the Alba The historical partments of the almanac are revised and brought up to date. The historical diary has been continued and enlarged, and a vast amount of interesting and instructive information of various kinds will be found in the 416 pages beween the covers. The price in paper covers is 25 cents.

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Coronation Claims.

Prayers to Perform Curious Offices Conissuing a 'Christmas Greeting,' in the form of the Christmas rumber of a magazine, in which she deals in poetry and prose with omnibus rebus et quibusdem aliis in a fashion that leaves nothing to complain of in vigor. As sidered.

HE following account of the sittings of the Court of Coronation Claims from the London "Daily Mail" will be found by the generality of Canadian readers to be at once interesting and amusing:

she is one in a combat against so many. I always have an admiration of the way in which she manages to hold her own. It is Miss David with her sling against a regiment of Goliaths in their armor of brass. I never myself see one of these brazen glants without feeling an almost irresistible impulse to hurl a pebble at him, and so I am thankful to those who do." "Let all persons keep silence under pain of imprisonment," said the regis-trar of the quaint old Court of Corona-tion Claims, at Whitehall yesterday

morning.

Two grave ushers in evening dress drew the long red curtains across and saw that the great doors of the big, square, walnscoted room were duly closed. Then the Lord Chancellor, in full-bottomed wig and cloth of gold, settled himself in a wide red-leather chair, and the Mace and Purse having been reverently placed on a small oaken table at the rear, the King's commission setting forth the duties of the Court of Claims was read.

The other members of the Court of Claims sat along the table with the Lord Chancellor at their head. They were the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, in scarlet coat, broad blue sash

shal, in scarlet coat, broad blue sash

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and gold-laced trousers; the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Francis Jeune, Lord Macnaghten, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Robertson and the Lord Justice General, in their uniforms as Prlyg Councillors, and the Master of the Rolls, in tight-fitting levee dress with black sword.

In the body of the court were a great array of King's Counsel and other barristers and a few claimants.

The first act of the court was to sweep out of the list a whole batch of claims which had to do with functions outside the ceremonial in Westminster Abbey. "With these," said the Lord Chancellor, "we have no power to deal."

Those thus disposed of included the prayers of Mr. G. T. J. Sotheron-Estprayers of Mr. G. T. J. Sotheron-Estcourt to be allowed to perform the duties of Chief Larderer; of the Duke of
Norfolk, Lord Mowbray and Stourton,
and Mr. Frederick Oddin Taylor to act
as Chief Butler of England; of the
Mayor, aldermen and citizens of Oxford to attend as assistants of the
Chief Butler! of Miss E. S. M. Wilshere
"to serve the King on the day of the
coronation with the first cup of which
the King shall drink at his dinner;"
and of the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms "to carry up the courses
at the banquet."

Their lordships then took the first on

at the banquet."

Their lordships then took the first on the list of fifty-nine claims, which was that of four different persons "to perform the duties of the office of Lord Great Chamberlain, and have all the fees, etc., belonging thereto." At this four barristers stood up in a bunch to address the court. They represented respectively the Earl of Ancaster, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Earl Carrington and the Duke of Atholl. After a little discussion, which, like most of a little discussion, which, like most of what was said throughout the day, was inaudible to the majority of those present, the court referred these claims to the Committee of Privileges.

to the Committee of Privileges.

The Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Bath and Wells petitioned to be allowed to support Their Majestles at the coronation, and their prayer was granted. The claim of the Archbishop of York to be assigned "a place and part consistent with his rank in the church and realm" was ordered to stand over for a time.

It was stated in support of the claim

It was stated in support of the claim of the Duke of Somerset that his ancestors had had the privilege of carrying the orb for 200 years, but the court decided that this was a matter for the executive committee for the coronation to decide.

The Marquis of Winchester withdrew

ion to decide.

The Marquis of Winchester withdrev The Marquis of Winchester withdrew his claim "to carry the Cap of Maintenance before the King," and the claim of the Duke of Roxburghe "to bear the Staff of St. Edward" was referred to the executive committee. The consideration of the petition of the Earl of Huntingdon to be allowed to carry the Sword of State was post-powed.

penied.

There was a good deal of amusement, even at the Lord Chancellor's table, over the claim of the Earl of Erroll to be allowed to walk as Lord High Censtable of Scotland, and to have a silver baton tipped with gold at each end. "He will be allowed to attend," said the Lord Chancellor. "He for his ancestor) has lost the baton they last used," said counsel, and then the question arose as to whether the count would order him a new one. "This court cannot say," answered

His Lordship finally, "whether he is to arry the old baton which is lost or to

carry the old baton which is lost or to have a new one."

Rear-Admiral T. H. Butler, who was quite conspicuous from the fact that he was in ordinary plain clothes, asked that his niece, Miss Beatrice Fellowes, might be allowed to "perform the office of Herb Strewer," but the court had no jurisdiction in this delicate matter. Sir Harry Paul Burrard asked permission to attend as Bow Bearer and to follow in His Majesty's train in that capacity, but the claim was refused. His predecessors, he said, were rangers of the New Forest.

Standing erect at the bar in his scarlet uniform and orders, Lyon King of Arms of Scotland (Sir James Balfour Paul) asked to be allowed the customary place at the coronation, and his request was granted.

quest was granted.

"At the time of the last coronatio

"At the time of the last coronation Dublin was a great distance from London," explained Ulster King of Arms, in showing why one of the officials did not come over on that occasion. Everybody smiled at this bit of Irish. His claim was promptly allowed.

One of the masters of Westminster School, pleading that the King's scholars might "be present in the Abbey and acclaim Their Majesties, and that the Town Boys might be present," said the boys represented "the people" when the people received and acclaimed the newly-crowned King. The claim was referred to the executive committee, who will duly judge as to whether the boys are to acclaim or not.

are to acclaim or not.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports, who have borne a canopy over the King's head for centuries, are to have the privilege again this time—if the King

choose to have a canopy.

The claims of the City Sheriffs, the Hackney Borough Council, and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of York to take part in the Coronation were not worsted. granted,
Counsel were contending for the respective claims of the Earl of Lauderdale, Mr. Henry Scrymgeour Wedder-

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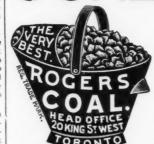


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burn, and the Rev. R. C. Scrymgeour act as Hereditary Standard Bearer of Scotland when the court adjourned.

A Dream's Fulfillment.

N an essay in "Longman's Magazine" on dreams, Horace G. Hutchinson invited people to send him accounts of their own experiences and ideas, and as a result he was deluged with thousands of letters relating to dreams. These he studied carefully, and in a volume entitled "Dreams and Their Meanings," now presents his conclusions, and quotes the most striking contributions to illustrate the particular class of dream which he is discussing. An interesting class of urear is that in which the sleeper finds hin self in a certain house or room that familiar to him in dreams, but qui unknown to his waking hours. Het is an instance which Mr. Hutchinson

is an installar in the content of a certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life and, like a good wife that has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him, a very pleasant fancy. One day they (husband and wife) went into the country to see a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house-agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it, they gave a simultaneous exfore it, they gave a simultaneous ex-clamation of surprise. 'Why,' said the husband, 'it is your dream-house!' It was. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

"In the course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that sev-eral people before them had taken it eral people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fan-cled they had seen—'something,' and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them it is likely they would have had them it is likely they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a do-mestic staff, so uncanny was the re-putation of their apparently quite re-putable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months, unpeace through the summer months, until their term of tenancy came to an
end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local
agent. 'The only thing,' said the wife.
'that we were disappointed in about
the house is that we never saw the
ghost.'
"'Oh, no,' said the ghost agent. 'We
knew you would not see the ghost.'



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→ HREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT Makes:

OYSTER PATTIES — One quart oysters, 8 Shredded Wheat Biscuit, 1 pint milk, 4 level tablespoons entire wheat flour, 4 level tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon scraped onions, 1 cup oyster liquor, sait and white pepper. With sharp-pointed knife cut an oblong cavity in top of biscuit \(\frac{1}{2}\) inch from sides and ends. Remove top carefully, then all inside shreds, forming a shell. Sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper and put a small piece of butter in bottom. Pick over the oysters and fill the shells, season with salt, pepper, and put in buttered pan. Dip the obleng tops lightly in the oster liquor, cover the oysters, put bits of butter on top, cover the pan, and bake in quick oven 25 minutes. Serve with white sauce made from the milk, oyster liquor, flour, butter, \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon scraped onion.

SHREDDED WHEAT For Sale by

wife, rather nettled.
"'Oh,' the agent repeated, 'we knew
you would not see the ghost. You are
the ghost that people have always seen

"They say," began Miss Twitters,
"that there is a fool in every family.
Do you believe it, Mr. Saunders?"
"Well, er—I hardly know," stammered knew you would not see the ghost.' | Saunders. "You see, I am the only "'What do you mean?' asked the member of our family."



HE principal local musical event this season promises to be the annual concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, which is announced for the 30th inst. From present indications all 30th inst. From present indications all previous records of the society will be eclipsed both as regards the artistic and financial success of this popular event. It is understood that at no previous time in the history of this splendid body of singers has the chorus been of so uniformly a high order as at present; neither has so much public interest been manifested in the choir. Local pride in the achievements of the interest been manifested in the choir.

Local pride in the achievements of the chorus has been proved this season by the exceptionally large number of subscriptions which have been sent in unsolicited. Besides a comprehensive selection of choral works, embracing almost every type of compositions of the best class, there will be the additional attraction of assisting solo artists of recognized repute.

Signor Oreficce, an Italian, won a very doubtful success the other day at Milan with his opera entitled "Chopin," constructed in great measure out of the great pianist's own compositions. The correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," in his notice of the production, says: "Only occasionally in the score an entire example of Chopin's makes its appearance. Among the fragments that appealed most to the Milanese were the study in C major, op. 10, No. 3, which was transformed into a passionate love duet, the Scherzo in B minor played upon the piano to a vocal accompaniment, the Nocturne in C minor, op. 48, No. 1, heard during the Signor Oreficce, an Italian, cal accompaniment, the Noture in Cominor, op. 48, No. 1, heard during the dying moments of a young girl, and the Nocturne in F minor, op. 55, No. 1, which in the opera is sung by the composer when on the point of death. The performance seems to have been in the hands of capable artists, who did their utmost in circumstances of obvious dif-ficulty."

The distinguished French organist, M. The distinguished French organist, M. Guilmant, whose playing created so profound an impression some years ago in Toronto, has resigned his position as organist of the Church of La. Trinite. Paris, which he has occupied for thirty years. The circumstances leading to his resignation are of a singular nature. The organ of La Trinite is one by the famous maker, Cavaille-Coll, and during the summer the contract for cleaning the pipes and mechanism was cleaning the pipes and mechanism was given to J. Merklin & Co., instead of to the makers. Merklin & Co., it seems, changed the voicing and tonality of changed the voicing and country of several of the solo stops, and capped the climax of their iniquity by putting their name in large letters above that of the maker. When Guilmant came to play upon the instrument after these so-called improvements had been made, he was so chagrined that he sent in his resignation, and it, is said that he will retire to his suburban home at Meudon. His many artist pupils deeply regret his disappearance from professional life. It may be, however, that M. Guil-mant will be induced to reconsider his

Theodore Thomas and his Chicago orchestra gave blase concert-goers a new sensation last month in the first of a series of historical programmes. Handel's "Water Music" and Bach's third suite were played with the original proportions restored between oboes and violins, Mr. Thomas placing eight oboes against sixteen violins. The critics state that the tonal effect was something quite different from that to which listeners of these works have been accustomed. The experiment makes one wish that we in Toronto could hear the "Messiah" with the original proportions between chorus and orchestra. At modern performances the preponderance of the chorus is so great that the orchestra is practically effaced so far as any individual effect is concerned. This could not have been the intention of Handel, as it is common sense to Theodore Thomas and his Chicago orof Handel, as it is common sense to suppose that if he had not wished the orchestra to be heard he would not have supplied an orchestral part. Here is an opportunity for Mr. Torrington to attempt something interesting in the way of letting us hear what the "Mesiah" sounded like according to the or-

Mr. William Galbraith, jr., organist of Knox Church, has decided to remain in Toronto, and will therefore retain his no Toronto, and will therefore retain insposition as musical director of the church. On Monday evening the congregation expressed their pleasure at the announcement by presenting Mr. Galbraith with a gold-headed cane and Wilson Gray made the presentation to Mr. Galbraith with a bouquet. Mr. J Wilson Gray made the presentation to Mr. Galbraith and Miss Minnie Henderson to Mrs. Galbraith. Congratulatory addresses were made by the Rev. A. B. Winchester, Dr. Parsons,

Handel's "Messiah" is being sung at this season in all the principal cities of England. Mr. Watkin Mills, the emin-England. Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, who has sung in the work more than 200 times, was booked to sing "The Messiah" in the following places: Bradford, December 17: Southampton, 18; Halifax, 19; Bradford, 20; Bristol, 21; Queen's Hall, London, 22; Blackpool, 25; Nottingham, 26; Albert Hall, London, January 1: Aberdeen, January 2; Alexandra Palace, January 4. Mr. W. Spencer Jones, under whose management Mr. Watkin Mills comes management Mr. Watkin Mills come to America next April, has sufficient bookings already made to keep Mr. Mills busy, the latest received being for "The Creation," April 16 and 17, with the Minneapolis Philharmonic Society and the St. Paul Choral Society.

Piano pupils of Mr. Frank R. Austen gave an interesting recital in Mr. Dock ray's studio on Monday evening, De cember 23. Works by Chopin, Mendels sohn, Schumann, Sinding, Schutt, Heller and Borowski were presented in a most attractive style, and Mr. Austen may be congratulated on having so large a class of talented pupils under his instruction. Miss Gertrude Rat-cliffe, Mrs. J. Dingman and Miss Lulu Bryce lent agreeable variety to the programme, which included in all eight

The Thayer Military Band, United States, at a recent concert had for vo-callst Miss Florence Fisher, solo singer

of St. James' Church, Toronto. A United States paper, speaking of the event, says: "This was Miss Fisher's first appearance in this country outside Detroit. She sang, her way into favor, and pleased the large audience, being heard to excellent advantage in Mattei's 'Leave Me Not.' As soon as the last note died away she was presented with a beautiful bunch of roses. Responding to a recall, she sang the sweet old Irish song, 'Killarney,' and by way of compliment to her the band played 'God Save the King' and 'The Maple Leaf.'" Miss Fisher is at present studying under Mr. Edward Barton of Toronto. Another successful pupil of Mr. Barton is Mr. George Beech of Toronto, who for some time past has been filling the role of principal basso in the sacred play entitled "The Holy City," and making himself popular in the towns visited by that attraction. owns visited by that attraction.

The Toronto Junction College of Mu-sic re-opened on Thursday last, and the Toronto College of Music resumed eaching on the same day.

Dr. Villiers Stanford in a letter refer-ring to the death of the English tenor Lockey, brings up again the subject of

alterations of Mendelssohn's tempi. He says: "The death of Mr. Charles Lockey, the last survivor of the soloists who took part in the first performance of the "Elijah" at Birmingham in 1846, suggests that I should give a short record of a conversation which I had with him about eight years ago. I had been much struck with marked differences of tempo and style in latter-day per-formances of Mendelssohn's oratorio om the traditions of my boyhood when I studied it with my father, who was present at Birmingham, and who, although an amateur, sang the part of Elijah frequently at the Antient Con certs' Society in Dublin. I had always heard from certain of Mendelssohn's pupils whom I knew that he was most careful and precise in his metronome marks; and not long before I nome marks; and not long before I visited Mr. Lockey I rehearsed the oratorio with an orchestra which would scarce believe that my tempi were sane until I produced a metronome to verify them. The general tendency has been them. The general tendency has been to sentimentalize the andantes, and to reduce the flery speed of the quick movements. When I saw Mr. Lockey I asked him to hum for me the most obvious cases as nearly as he could recall in the composer's tempi, and in every instance his pace was that of the metronome. The most striking modern lapses are in the contralto airs 'Woe unto them' and (especially) 'O rest in the Lord.'
The latter air was sung in 1846 by Miss
Williams, who afterwards married Mr.
Lockey. He told me that Mendelssohn
impressed upon her the importance of singing this song quite simply and without dragging. It is now frequently reduced to nearly half-speed. He also mentions the prodigious pace of the final Baal Chorus and of the song 'Is not his word like a fire'; two move ments of which (as my father told me)
'Mendelssohn's conducting was like
whipping cream.' I then told Lockey
of the modern fashion, beloved of solo enors, of making a sweeping porta-nento at the return of the theme in Iff with all your hearts, and asked him if it was traditional. Lockey threw up his hands in horror at the idea, and told me that Mendelssohn impressed upon him again and again the vital importance of perfect simplicity in singing this air."

The first class of teachers in kinder arten music (Hulda Westman method), have completed the course most successfully at the Toronto College of Music, and a new class for teachers it this method of kindergarten music will be opened at the College on Wednes-day, January 15, 1902. The class will be personally conducted by Miss West-man, who is the only musician holding a kindergarten certificate and having practical experience in teaching, who has developed and applied a system of kindergarten music. The course con-sists of a series of lectures on the lessons to be taught the children, with practical demonstration with a class Teachers will be instructed not only in what to teach, but how to teach it in accordance with the latest pedagogical principles. Each graduate will receive a complete set of original material and an extended synopsis of each lesson. Terms or further information can be had of the secretary, Toronto College

Dr. Laloy, in a pamphlet entitled "L'Aurore du Siecle," deprecates the universal devotion to music, which he says has become a mania. Music, he thinks, by exciting the sentiments leads to enervation. "The cultivated public looks on composers like Wagner, violinists like Sarasate, singers and pianists as true heroes, idols, to whom vorship should be paid in the fashion able world. The attention paid musiis out of all proportion to that given the other arts, literature, poetry, and especially the work of scientists and thinkers. This phenomenon is one of the signs of this decadence of which we have already noted the symptoms.

It is to be hoped that it will soon give way to a renaissance of good taste."

Philip Hale, the Boston critic, writing in the "Musical Courier," asks: "Why should any pianist be obliged to play the whole of a concerto when one of the movements is dull? Or why should the whole of a symphony be invariably performed?" As neither whole con-certos nor whole symphonies are in-

Christmas Unmasked.

In modern London, the Christmas a spirit which Dickens foisted into you For Christmas itself you have no real entiment: but you continue to keep it, cannot help keeping it, for Dickens sake, in the regulation way. It is a mere literary survival.—Max Beerbohn in "Pall Mall Magazine."

Over the grave of his wife in an Eng lish village a poetry loving widower has just erected a monument bearing this verse from the Rubaiyat: "A Book of Verses underneath the

Bough, A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and

Beside me singing in the Wilder Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

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all its forms is due to a poor quality and poor circulation of the blood, which gives the nerves no power to act or to do their work.

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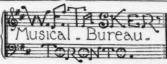
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Social and Personal.

A charming house wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. John Carley, Barrie, on Thursday, December 26, when his daughter, Miss Hattie Carley, was married to Mr. Sidney Charles Brasier of New York City, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by Rev. Charles Pedley, in the presence of the immediate, relatives. The bride was attended by her small sister, Marguerite, as maid of in the presence of the immediate relatives. The bride was attended by her small sister, Marguerite, as maid of honor, and by the groom's sister, Miss Emilie Brasier, of Toronto, as bridesmaid. Mr. Samuel A. Sylvester of Toronto was best man. The bride wore gray voile, the bodice elaborately trimmed with rich lace applique over duchess satin, and strappings of rose velvet, and carried white roses. The tiny maid wore a dainty frock of white organdie, with lace insertions, and carried pink carnations, with streamers of baby ribbon, while the bridesmaid was gowned in white crepe de chine over rose taffeta, and carried pink roses. After the ceremony the guests enjoyed a sumptuous dejeuner, and toasts and speeches were indulged in. The popularity of the bride and groom was shown by the abundance of beautiful gifts, amongst which were a purse of gold from Mr. George Carley of Hamilton, the bride's brother, and a case of silver from the best man. The groom's gift was a beautiful sunburst of pearls; to the bridesmaid, a handsome opal ring; to the maid of honor, a locket and chain, and to his best man, a fob chain. After receiving the congratulations of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brasier left on the 5.20 train for their home in Brooklyn, where they will be at home at 497 Twelfth street after January 20. The bride's goingaway gown was of castor Venetian cloth, with trimmings of cream lace applique and turquoise velvet, which sable trimmings, and a becoming toque to correspond. sable trimmings, and a becoming toque o correspond.

At noon on New Year's Day the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jones, Prince street, Forest, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding, when their only daughter, Ethel Loulse, was married to Mr. John MacEwan Shaw of Forest. The service was read by Rev. A. L. Beverly, rector of Christ Church, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride, who was escorted by her father, looked charming, gowned in white silk organdie with silk embroidered yoked and sleeves. She wore the usual bridal veil charming, gowned in white silk organdie with silk embroidered yoke and sleeves. She wore the usual bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Gertrude Shaw, sister of the bridegroom, looked very dainty in a gown of white organdie and carrying pink carnations. The groomsman was Mr. Harvey Jones, brother of the bride. Miss Maude Shaw, younger sister of the groom, who played the wedding march, was attired in pink and white. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl crescent brooch, and to the bridesmaid a pearl ring. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, and later the happy couple left on the 2.40 express for eastern points, the bride wearing a handsome costume of brown Venetian cloth, with blue silk blouse and brown velvet mink-trimmed toque. After their return Mr. and Mrs. Shaw will reside in Forest. Shaw will reside in Forest.

There is only one answer in artistic circles and the smart set as to what to do next Monday evening. Madame Lilli Lehmann's singing will be much enjoyed at Massey Hall.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario held a reception on New Year's day at Government House, at which a huge crowd of gentlemen were present. The reception lasted from half-past four to six o'clock.

Mrs. Dignam gave a studio tea at her home in upper St. George street on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. C. A. E. Harriss of Earnscliffe, Ottawa, has produced a festival mass, which was sung at the Church of the Holy Angels, in Buffalo, on Christmas Day. The composer has dedicated the mass to the Lady of Rideau Hall.

Mrs. Carter of Homewood avenue Mrs. Carter of Homewood avenue gave a jolly euchre party for her niece, Miss Blennerhassett, of Philadelphia, during the holidays, at which fourteen tables were set for the game. Miss Carter and Miss Madeline assisted in looking after the guests, and the fair



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visitor was sweetly gowned in pale blue silk, with touches of yellow and trimmings of white lace. Mrs. Charlie Hall, the bride of last season, was an admired guest. The other members of the party were of the young set.

Miss Dalsy Gouinlock was the hostess of the Parkdale Euchre Club on New Year's Eve, when the lady members of the club appeared in fancy costume. Some of the characters represented were chosen from popular operas, Miss Street coming as "Erminie," Miss Marguerite Murray as "Princess Chic," Miss Wedd as "O Mimosa San," Miss Sherman as the ever-popular "Dolly Varden," and others. Miss Annie Harris came as a court lady of Louis XVI.'s time. The young hostess herself was charming in an old-fashioned gown of white net over blue. Miss gown of white net over blue. Miss Gwendolyn Roberts and Mr. C. Jones carried off the euchre prizes, and after supper the young people danced the New Year in.

Cards are out for the Young Bachelors' dance on January 24, for which Mr. J. M. Watson, 63 Wellesley street, is

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bull are now settled at No. 3 Linden street. Mrs. Bull will receive on Monday and on Monday

A Fine Number.

One of the most handsome holiday numbers we have seen is "Stratford Illustrated," issued as a supplement to the "Beacon" of that city. In addition to a number of stories by well-known Canadian writers and several pages of artistic illustration, "Stratford Illus-trated" contains fifty-four pages of his-torical and descriptive matter about torical and descriptive matter about the Classic City and the County of Perth, their municipal, educational, re-ligious, legal and industrial institu-tions.



MISS EFFIE SHANNON. who will appear with Mr. Herbert Kelcey in "Her Lord and Master" at the Princess Theater next week.

Next Week at Shea's.

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NANTED—First class City Salesman who has carned \$2,500 a year and can do so again. Must be under fifty years of age, have good education and address, turnish good business references, and be first-class in every particular. Permanent position at above or higher figures to such a man. John D. Morris & Co., 32 Church Street, Toronto.

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GRAND SPERA

Week of MONDAY, JAN. 6

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

The Big Musical Extravaganza

"A Trip to **B**uffalo"

Book by Harry B. Marshall. Direction Chas. P. Salisbury.

...The Original Buffalo Show... 14 WEEKS ACADEMY THEATER, BUFFALO

PRICES First 12 Rows......75c. Second 12 Rows.... 50c. Balcony...50c. and 25c. 25 and 50

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The greatest dramatic soprano of the day, under the direction of MR. C. L. GRAFF,

Grand Operatic Concert

SOLO PIANIST-

REINHOLD HERMANN.

"She is the greatest singer we have -MME, ALBANI,

Massey Hall, Monday, Jan. 6

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ther, Professor and Mrs. Baker, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Miss Graham, Mrs. J. Taylor, Dr. and Miss MacMurchy, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gurney and Mrs. Sanford Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Parker, Dr. and Mrs. Jerrold Ball, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. J. A. Paterson, Dr. and Mrs. Price Brown, Mrs. Carveth and Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Sifton, Mr. and Mrs. Case, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. Claude Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Sparling, and many others. Mrs. Harry Torrington is a very pretty

Mrs. Harry Torrington is a very pretty and winning little bride, and was much admired and welcomed on Monday.

Miss Hill returned from St. Catharines on Monday, and her very interesting course of five travel talks begins on January 17, and is continued fortnightly till March 14, in the Conservatory Music Hall.

Miss Shaughnessy came up for Miss Ethel Matthews' New Year's Eve

son (nee Grantham), who is visiting her mother, was one of the guests at Miss Thorne's dance for the "buds" and

Mrs. Alexander Sinclair of 664 Euclid evenue will be at home to her friends on the first and second Tuesdays of

Mr. Christopher Robinson, K.C., will be installed chancellor of Trinity on January 15, and invitations are out to the ceremony, which takes place at a quarter after eight p.m., in Convocation Hall.

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Trotter went to New York for Christmas week.

The new Assembly Hall of the Alex-

Mrs. Edward Gurney gave a tea on Friday which taxed even her large home in Gerrard street, and brought together one of the most jolly and

od-looking assemblies of women that

good-looking assemblies of women that could be found in Toronto, Mrs. Sanford Evans, the same Irene, but grown a bit matronly and very justly proud of her fine little son and heir, received with her petite mother in the drawing-

oom, Mrs. Gurney in a smart black cown and Mrs. Evans in pastel green, vith guimpe and half sleeves of tucked white mousseline. She looked the pic-

white mousseline. She looked the pic-ture of health and happiness, as every-

one remarked. The guests were so many that it was a perfect kaleido-scope of rich gowns, stunning hats and riant faces, and the musicians' efforts

day talk and laughter. Pretty Mrs. Ryckman (nee Gurney), in a dainty

Ryckman (nee Gurney), in a dainty fawn cloth costume and hat, was here and there among the guests, and in the tea-rooms, which were wreathed with Christmas green and red and white flowers, a pretty group of maidens waited on as many of the guests as they could reach. They were Misses Skinner, Mary Reid, Ethel Taylor of Florsheim, Estelle Kerr, and Kemp.

Florsheim, Estelle Kerr, and Kemp The table was centered by an immense

asket of scarlet poinsettias, those tunning and effective blooms, and auge bow of white tulle gave them the

nishing artistic touch. Many shaded

ights, lots of mistletoe and holly and

all sorts of dainty things to eat and frink kept the guests admiring and tasting and chattering till the last mo-ment. One lovely gown of vlolet vel-

et. French knotted in black and white

and combined with heliotrope, and coque to match, was noticeable, and a white and black costume of lace and

chiffon and silk and rich ornaments was worn by a little matron whose laughing face set off her smart frock and fetching hat. A comparatively new-comer, Mrs. Harris of St. George

street, wore a perfectly lovely gown of pale gray and very becoming hat Mrs. Charles Johnstone and her grace-ful sister, Miss Elizabeth King, wer-also beautifully gowned. In fact, smar-

frocks were never more "en evidence.

frocks were never more "en evidence."
Mrs. Cromwell, Mrs. Gurney's mother,
was as young as the youngest, as if no
little great-grandson were just at hand,
nor a trio of great-grandohildren, sturdy little Ryckmans, up' in Rosedale.
Not many representatives of the oldest
of four generations could rival Mrs.
Cromwell's courage and face a huge
gathering of five-o'clockers. Among
the Happy New Years which I heard
flying around, none were more hearty

re at times quite lost amid the

o-day at 3 o'clock.

<u>Ladies</u> MADAM LYTELL. 335 Jarvis St., for any of the following FACE OR BODY MASSAGE



The Arlington Hotel, TORONTO, Ont.

Special rates now being given to winter boarders - rooms single, en suite and with private bathrooms.

...NOW OPEN... THE ARLINGTON HOTEL, RESTAURANT and CAFE

Ethel Matthews' New Year's Eve dance. Mr. Fred Beardmore came up to Chudleigh for the vacation. Mrs. Creelman and her daughters went to Quebec on Monday. Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. A. A. Macdonald. Mr. Harty of Kingston is visiting at Craigleigh, where a very jolly dance was on last evening. Miss Elsie Thorne was assisted at her dance on Thursday by Mrs. Arthur Grantham as chaperone. Mrs. Thompson (nee Grantham), who is visiting One of the most artistic and best appointed Restaurants in Canada. Dinners and sup-pers for theater parties are a special

A most charming rendezvous for ladies to meet in and have afternoon tea. Open from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.



Orders for New Year's Day

Customers will oblige by placing their requirements as soon as possible for New Years Day.

WARD No. 2

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for the Re-Election of

JOSEPH OLIVER

AS ALDERMAN

ELECTION-Monday, January 6th, 1902.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Torrington and Mrs. Harry Tor rington received a very large company on Monday evening at the College of Music lecture-room, which, with the other rooms, was during the holiday time transformed into a spacious and time transformed into a spaceous and delightful drawing-room and reception and supper-rooms for the function given in honor of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Torrington. Mrs. Torrington wore a most becoming and elegant black velvet gown, with white lace, and the girlish bride was in white brocade, with lace and pretty cloudings of net on the corsage. The rooms were of net on the corsage. The fooths were redolent with fragrance from many flowers, and the bright fires in the grates were almost too warm in their welcome to the scores of guests. A little gem of a musical programme, with a recitation by Mr. Shaw, was with a rectation by Mr. Shaw, was provided to amuse and entertain the company between their greetings and their supping. The refreshments were very daintily served at a buffet crowned by a huge center of delicate green and deep red spicy-breathed corrections. Among the greets I had green and deep red spicy-reached carnations. Among the guests I noticed Dr. and Mrs. Fisher and their pretty niece, Mr. and Mrs. Ham, Professor Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Dunnet, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Gunther, Captain Gun-

TRATED

Dr. Oronhyatekha has returned home after a tour of Australia.

operatic concert by Madame Lehmann at Massey Music Hall next Monday evening, when a large and a very smarl audience is sure to attend. Mme Lehmann, who is considered the great-est artist of the day by such a great diva as Mme. Albani, will be the guest of Mrs. Walter Beardmore. Mme. Leh mann has taken great interest in Mr Lissant Beardmore and his voice.

on New Year's Day, as a great number of men took advantage of the oppor-tunity to call upon the popular lady and

er charming young daughter. Strathearn was "maison fermee" a little

earn was "maison fermee" a mere further up the street, as Mrs. Hay spent the vacation with her father at

The lady patronesses of the Young Bachelors' dance are Mrs. G. W. Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. Guy F. War-wick, Mrs. Robert S. Wilson, Mrs. James Watson, Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Mrs Benjamin Kent, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs

Miss Mabel B. Beddoe sang at an en-ertainment in Cambridge, Mass., last week, and was enthusiastically reweek, and was enthusiastically re-ceived. By the way, I heard and much enjoyed recently the splendid contract voice of Miss Mildred Stewart, daugh-ter of Mrs. A. D. Stewart, who is re-ceiving much favorable criticism here and in neighboring towns. Miss Stew art has such a fine stage presence and such youth and energy that she should some day win more than local laurels.

A number of very enjoyable and im promptu teas, luncheons and small din-ners have been given the last ten days for some of the unusually pleasant visi-tors now in town, or who have recently been visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. W. D. Matthews' beautiful house in St. George street was en fete for New Year's Eve, and a few married friends, with a radiant company of young men and maids, danced the old year out and the new year in to D'Alesandro's best music.

Mrs. A. E. Kemp gave a bright and enjoyable dance for her debutante daughters and their young friends on New Year's night. Many of the young beauties from both East and West sides and a jolly party of men were

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley will give an evening reception on Thursday week, January 16, from half-past eight

I hear Mr. McDowall Thomson has been quite ill. Mr. Walter S. Lee is at latest accounts doing satisfactorily. Mrs. Archie Langmuir was laid up at New Year from the effect of an awk-ward fall last week.



ALD. J. J. WARD, Candidate for re-election in Ward Six.

We Thrashed You.

EAN STUBBS of Ely does not lik Chicago. In his book, "In a Minster Garden," the Dean's causerie revolves amiably round Ely, but where he discourses on his holida; in the New World he becomes most amusing. Of Chicago he says: "I thought it the most hatefully unlovely ity I ever was in. There were finthe most part, of the 'sky-scraping' variety—but, as a whole, hateful, simply hateful—a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul."

Yet the Dean tells at least one story which proves that Chicago, for all its unloveliness, has a knack of digesting all who go to live there. It relates to Archdeacon Rushton, the secretary of Bishop Maclaren. The Archdeacon was a Yorkshireman by birth; he had married a Canadian; but he had been settled for some time in Chicago. "His children, he told me, were born in that city. One day lately his youngest boy city. One day lately his youngest boy came home from school looking grave and solemn. He had just been promoted to the history class, and had been reading about the War of Independence. 'Father,' he said, 'are you a Britisher?' 'Yes, my boy, I am.' 'Oh! . . . Mother, are you a Britisher?' 'Yes, dear, I am,' she said. 'Well,' he replied, after a pause,' 'I don't care. You had the King's army, and we were only a lot of farmers, but we

were only a lot of farmers, but w thrashed you!"

Decidedly Novel.

An entertainment which is gaining much vogue in Paris is the engagement dinner. At a recent affair of this kind the menu cards bore a crimson heart in one corner in which was imbedded the Christian name of the prospective life partner. "Unique" best describes the table decorations. Two wide sashes of crimson ribbon were draped from the chandelier to each side of the cen-Beneath this drapery stood the betrothed couple and dangling a the bride's side was a pair of tiny scissors in sugar. This was to indicate that she would have the last word. At her feet lay a broom, her weapon of defence. Before the bridegroom were a coal scuttle and shovel, which symbolized the fact that he must get up mornings to make the fire. At des-



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Particular Folk

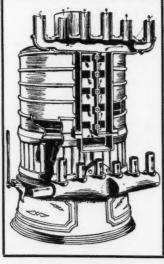
This boiler is designed to suit particular people. It isn't an ordinary boiler. The fire-box is deep and round, holds the proper

amount of coal for a slowburning, easy-running fire. The whole Boiler is

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Wheeler & Bain, 179 King East. Canada Furnace Exchange, 295 College Canada Furaace Exchange, 205 College Street, E. W. Chard, 324 College Str et. John Adare, 628 Batburst Street, Shepherd Hardware Co., 142 Dundas Street. T. E. Hoar & Co., Toronto Junction. John Gibbe, 724 Queen East. F. G. Washington, 785 Queen East. Jas. Cole, 246 Parliament Street, J. Dowas, Kingston Road, East Toronto.

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sert a mammoth plate decorated with red and white roses was set before the hostess. Removing the cover she drew forth every known utensil for house-keeping as well as furniture in minia-ture. These were passed to the guests with the idea of giving them a good start on life's journey. Then there were dainty boutonnieres tied with red ribbons for the men and pretty filigree brooches for the flancees

Two Ways.

When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bedelothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep. But with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down and lies tremblingly wake for two hours, straining his ears at every sound.—"Pick-Me-Up."

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can be made soft, white and smoot in a very short time by doctoring them a little at bedtime with a purest of tailst arrelliant

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unrivalled as a face beautifier, Air most drug stores, or mailed to all address on receipt of 27 cents by The Hutchings Medicine Co.. Toronto

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Marlatt—Dec. 30, Oakville, Mrs. C. Marlatt, a daughter.
Armstrong—Dec. 27, Toronto, Mrs. F. Armstrong, a daughter.
Urquhart—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Do Urquhart, a daughter.
Hannon—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. H. Hannon, a son a daughter.
Dec. 27, Toronto, Mrs. F.
g, a daughter.
ec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Do.
a daughter.
20, Toronto, Mrs. H.

Urquasay, anon-Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. F. Godard, a son. Seasley—Dec. 25, Toronto, Mrs. H. Beasley, a daughter. Cook.—Dec. 26, Toronto, Mrs. William Cook. a daughter.

Marriages.

by the Rev. Charles L. Pedley, Half-eidest daughter of Mr. John Carl Barrie, to Sidney C. Brasier of Mr. York, formerly of Toronto.

Stone-Morrison-Dec. 31, Toronto, Era A. Stone to Maud Morrison.
Christie-Albertson-Dec. 25, Lorne P. Edwin F. Christie to Lottie E. Alberson-Dec. 32, Stone-Morrison.

son.
Lawson-Kemp-Dec. 25, Toronto, 1
well C. Lawson to Nettle A. kem
Palmer-Spragge-Dec. 24, Dr. R. J
ston Palmer to Emma J. Spragge
Ridout-Jones-Dec. 23, Douglas K. J
out to Ruth A. M. Jones.
Walker-Sargant-Jan. 1, Toronto, Ar
Walker do Bertha T. Sargant

Deaths.

Black.—Jan. 1, Toronto, Gertrude Miss Black. Murdoch.—Dec. 30, Toronto, Alex. Murdoch. Murdoch
Murdoch
Erskine—Dec. 29, Toronto, Jennie Ersk
Hewson—Dec. 30, Toronto, Jennie Ersk
Hewson—Dec. 30, Toronto, Hattle He
son, aged 38.
Smith—Dec. 30, Toronto, William
Smith, aged 61.
Boultbee—Dec. 25, Toronto, Alfred Be
bee, aged 76.
Foster—Dec. 25, Bracebridge, Alexan
Foster—aged 52.
Stanton—Dec. 25, Toronto, Elizabeth
ler Stanton.
Johnston—Dec. 25, Toronto, Jeremial
Johnston—Dec. 31, Toronto, James Je
ston.

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